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OLIVER CROMWELL:

AN

HISTORICAL PLAY.

BY Mr. GEORGE SMITH GREEN.

To which is Prefix'd an

EXTRACT *or* JOURNAL

OF THE

RISE *and* PROGRESS

OF

OLIVER CROMWELL.

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Of the RISE and PROGRESS of

OLIVER CROMWELL.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

AS *it has been my Cuſtom, in reading the Life of any eminent Perſon, to make an Extract of the ſame; I have here ſent you, at your Requeſt, what I thought worthy Notice in the Hiſtory of that Extraordinary Man* OLIVER CROMWELL: *And it being collected from the moſt authentic Memoirs, you may venture, I think, upon the Publication, if ſuch your Deſign; tho' in things of this kind little can be expected that is new.*

CROMWELL's Family was originally of *Glamorganſhire* in *Wales*, and named *Williams*; one of which marrying a Siſter of *Cromwell*, Vicar-general in the Reign of *Henry* VIII. aſſumed the Name of *Cromwell*, and tranſmitted it to his Poſterity. *Oliver Cromwell* was born at *Huntingdon*, *April* 25, 1599. His Father was Mr. *Robert Cromwell* ſecond Son of Sir *Henry Cromwell*, and Brother

of

of Sir *Oliver*; who at his House at *Hinchinbrook* most magnificently entertain'd King *James* I. at his Accession to the *English* Throne. It was in his Power so to do, for he had a large Estate. But our *Oliver*'s Father being a younger Brother had not above 300 *l. per Annum*, yet being willing to the extent of his small Fortune to give his Son a good Education, he enter'd him a Student in *Sidney-College*, *Cambridge:* where it was observ'd that *Oliver* was not so much inclined to Speculation, as to Action. But, his Father dying, he return'd home, and led an extravagant kind of Life; so that his Mother was advis'd to send him up to *Lincoln's-Inn*, where he betook himself to the Study of the Law: But, not liking a sedentary Employment, he soon return'd home, and follow'd his former Courses, to the wasting great part of his paternal Estate. But upon serious Contemplation he became greatly reform'd; and grew sober and religious; and having an Estate of 4 or 500 *l. per Annum* left him, by Sir *Robert Steward*, his Uncle, by his Mother's side, he married *Elizabeth*, Daughter of Sir *James Boucher*. He adhered for some time to the *Church of England*, very devoutly attending the public Service. But, at length, falling into the hands of some *Puritans*, he became a zealous Friend to that Party.

In 1628, he was chosen one of the Committee of Religion, in the third Parliament of King *Charles* I.

In 1637, he had a Design, with other Gentlemen, to remove to *New England*, and take Refuge there, from the strenuous Proceedings of Archbishop *Laud* against the *Puritans*; but was prevented by a royal Proclamation.

In 1638, the King, and some Lords, undertook the draining of the Fen-Lands of *Lincolnshire*, and the *Isle of Ely*; but were oppos'd by the Town of *Cambridge*, headed by *Oliver Cromwell*; for which Service the said Town elected him their Burgess, in 1640, to serve in that Parliament which was afterwards call'd *The Long Parliament*.

In this Parliament, he soon shew'd himself a zealous and forward Opposer of what were thought Grievances in Religion: And, 'tis said, one time, when Sir *Thomas Chichely* and Mr. *Warwick* were talking with him in the

the Houſe, about the affairs of Religion, he ſaid, *I can tell you, Sirs, what I wou'd not have, tho' I cannot tell what I wou'd have.*

In 1641, he was a great Promoter of the Commons grand *Remonſtrance* of all the Grievances in the Nation, from the King's Acceſſion to that Time. This *Remonſtrance* was carry'd in the Houſe by nine Voices only. And when the Houſe broke up, Mr. *Cromwell* told Lord *Falkland*, That *if the Remonſtrance had not paſs'd, he wou'd have ſold all he had the next Morning, and never have ſeen* England *more.*

In 1642, the civil War breaks out, occaſioned by evil Counſels on one hand, and continual Jealouſies and Fears on the other; and *Oliver Cromwell* was commiſſion'd, by the Parliament, to be Captain of a Troop of Horſe, which he ſpeedily rais'd in his own Country. His Stratagem, to try their Courage, was this: Upon their firſt Muſter near ſome of the King's Garriſon, he privily plac'd twelve of them in an Ambuſcade, who, with a Trumpet ſounding a Charge, made furiouſly towards the Body, of which, above twenty, preſently fled for Fear. Theſe he immediately caſhier'd, and mounted their Horſes with ſuch as were bold and courageous.

He then ſecur'd the Univerſity of *Cambridge* for the Parliament, when a great quantity of Plate was juſt upon the point of being convey'd to the King at *Oxford.* And ſo active and induſtrious was he, that when Sir *Thomas Connesby*, High-Sheriff of *Hertfordſhire*, was going to proclaim the Earl of *Eſſex* (the Parliament's General) and all his Adherents, Traitors, at *St. Albans*, on a Market-Day, he ruſh'd, unawares, into the Town with a Party of Horſe, ſurpris'd the Sheriff and his Aſſiſtants, and ſent them Priſoners to *London*, to the no ſmall Satisfaction of the Parliament, who gave him the Thanks of the Houſe *.

In

* Yet *Denzil* Lord *Hollis* (Mem. p. 17.) tells a remarkable Story of him from his own Knowledge: which ſhew'd him, *then at leaſt*, (as he obſerves) " No leſs a Coward, than perfidious, ambitious, and hypo- " critical. This was his baſe keeping out of the Field at *Keinton* or " *Edge-Hill* Fight, *October* 23. where he with his Troop of Horſe

In the Year 1643 he was advanced to the degree of a Colonel; and, by his own Management, rais'd a Regiment of a thousand Horse; with which he rang'd about, and, with great Industry, obstructed many Levies for the King in *Cambridgeshire*, *Essex*, *Suffolk* and *Norfolk*: And, particularly, he defeated the Project of a Counter-Association, for the King's Service, contriv'd by Sir *John Pettus*, Sir *Edward Barker*, and other Gentlemen, at the Town of *Lestoff* (or *Lowers-Toff*) in *Suffolk*.

He was now made Lieutenant-General to the Earl of *Manchester*, and having rais'd a great Force of such as freely came in to him, he march'd towards *Lincolnshire*; with a Resolution to assist the Forces about *Newark*. And here he rescu'd Captain *Wray*'s Troop, taken by the *Newarkers*, and took three of theirs, with a great Slaughter; and soon after, meeting with twenty-four Troops of the King's Horse and Dragoons, near *Grantham*, he encounter'd them with such Fury and Resolution, that tho' he had but seven Troops with him, he entirely routed them. And this, it is observ'd, was the beginning of *Cromwell*'s great Fortunes.

He then goes to the Relief of *Gainsborough*, which Lord *Willoughby* of *Parham* held for the Parliament; where he defeated a detachment of Horse, that were sent by the Earl of *Newcastle* to invest the Town; he pursued them even in Sight of their main Body, not imagining them so near; but not being in a Condition to face this Army, he retreated in good Order, and after throwing Supplies into *Gainsborough* he retired to a greater distance.

In 1644, Sir *John Henderson*, an old Soldier, understanding that *Cromwell* was drawn out towards him, made haste to engage him, before the Earl of *Manchester*, with the Foot, cou'd march up, as accordingly it happen'd, at a Place call'd *Windsly-Fields* near *Horn-Castle*. In the first Shock *Cromwell*'s Horse was kill'd, and fell upon

" came not in; impudently and ridiculously affirming, the Day after, " that he had been all that Day seeking the Army and Place of Fight, " tho' his Quarters were but at a Village near hand; whence he could " not find his Way, nor be directed by his Ear, when the Ordnance " was heard twenty or thirty Miles off."

him,

him, and as he roſe, he was again knock'd down by the Gentleman that charg'd him, ſuppoſed to be Sir *Ingram Hopton*, tho' others ſay Captain *Portington:* However, with difficulty, he got remounted upon a poor Horſe, in a Soldier's Hand, and charged his Enemy with great Reſolution. The Encounter was very ſharp, but laſted not an Hour, before the Royaliſts were entirely routed by *Mancheſter*'s Troops, about 1500 of them being kill'd; amongſt whom was the Lord *Widdrington*, Sir *Ingram Hopton*, and other Perſons of Quality.

After this, Prince *Rupert* having relieved the City of *York*, determin'd, contrary to the Advice of thoſe that were with him, to march after the Enemy; and finding them on *June* 2, at *Marſton-Moor*, forced them to a Battle, wherein he ſo totally routed the three Parliament Generals, *Leven*, *Fairfax* and *Mancheſter*, that they quitted the Field, and fled towards *Cawood*-Caſtle. But the Prince purſuing the Enemy too far, loſt the Day, being charg'd and entirely routed by the Reſerves of *Cromwell*'s Brigade, which, ſays my Author, from their impenetrable Strength gain'd him the Name of *Ironſides* *.

The Lord General *Eſſex* and the *Scotiſh* Commiſſioners, began now to grow jealous of *Cromwell*'s aſpiring Temper, and enterpriſing Genius. They ſend, therefore, to Serjeant *Maynard* and *Whitelock*, to conſult about getting rid of him. Mr. *Hollis*, Sir *Philip Stapylton*, and ſome others, gave an account of ſome particular Paſſages and Words of *Cromwell*'s, and ſaid, that he had not that Intereſt in Parliament as was ſuppoſed, and they wou'd willingly have been upon the Accuſation of him; but the *Scotiſh* Commiſſioners were not ſo ready to join with them in it, and ſo the Lieutenant-General eſcap'd.

About four Months after the Fight at *Marſton-Moor*, happen'd the ſecond Battle at *Newberry*, where *Cromwell* is ſaid to have endanger'd the King's Perſon, had not

* But Lord *Hollis* (Mem. p. 15.) affirms, that *Oliver* himſelf behaved in this Battle in a very cowardly Manner, and that thoſe who did moſt Service were Major-General *Leſley*, *Crawford*, and Sir *Thomas Fairfax*.

the Earl of *Cleveland* interposed, and bore off the Pursuit. This Battle was the Occasion of an irreconcileable Breach between him and the Earl of *Manchester*; and the Parties on both Sides appear'd against each other, to the dividing of the City, as well as the Parliament.

Cromwell publicly charged the Earl of *Manchester* with not having done his Duty at *Newberry*-Fight and *Dennington*-Castle; insinuating, he was afraid of putting a too speedy end to the War. The Earl answer'd by a Memorial which he laid before the House; and *Cromwell* thought not fit to prosecute his Accusation; which properly was no other than a Preparative towards the Execution of a deeper Project.

This Project was, to exclude all the Members of Parliament from enjoying any Office or Command, Military or Civil, and accordingly a Committee was appointed to prepare an Ordinance for this purpose; which after long Debate in the End pass'd, and was call'd, *The Self-denying Ordinance.*

The Earls of *Essex*, *Manchester*, *Denbigh*, *Warwick*, Lord *Grey*, Sir *William Waller*, Major General *Massey*, and others, were removed from their Commands in the Army by this Ordinance, but to sweeten the Earl of *Essex*, as *Whitelock* expresses it, "an Order was made "for the better Payment of 10000 *per Annum*, formerly "granted him out of Delinquents Estates." And such was the Opinion of the Committee at *Westminster*, of *Cromwell*'s rare Talent for War, that when they had sent Orders to General *Fairfax* to detach a Party of Horse, to lie between *Oxford* and *Worcester*, for the intercepting the Correspondence between the King and Prince *Rupert*; notwithstanding the *Ordinance*, they particularly recommended Lieutenant General *Cromwell* for that Service; who, with a good Party of Horse Dragoons, defeated a Brigade of the King's Horse at *Islip*-Bridge, and pursued the routed Remnant to *Bletchington*-House; where Secretary *Windebank*'s Son held a Garrison for the King. *Cromwell* magisterially summon'd him, and he immediately surrender'd; which Cowardise so incensed the King, that he had him condemn'd by a Council of War, and shot

ſhot to Death. About the ſame time *Cromwell* forced Sir *William Vaughan* and Lieutenant Colonel *Littleton* into *Bampton-Buſh*, where he took them both, and 200 of their Men Priſoners; but is repulſed at *Farringdon*-Houſe by Sir *George Liſle*, who took fifty of his Men; and, in his Retreat, he was attack'd by a Party of *Goring*'s Horſe, who got from him three Colours, and took Major *Bethel* Priſoner.

Fairfax now wrote to the Parliament that they would diſpenſe with *Cromwell*'s Abſence from the Houſe, which was readily granted. And thus *Cromwell*, who had been one of the moſt forward to paſs the aforeſaid *Ordinance*, was the only Perſon, who held both his Seat in Parliament and Command in the Army. And this, (ſays *Rapin*) would have been an honourable Diſtinction for Him, was there not room to ſuſpect, it was owing to his own Intrigues.

Through the Eagerneſs of Prince *Rupert*, and the Treachery of a Meſſenger, who pretended to ſerve the King, but delivered the Diſpatches, intruſted with him by General *Goring* for the King, to *Fairfax*; in a Council of War on the King's Side, it was reſolved, to give the Enemy Battle; tho' their Forces according to Lord *Clarendon*'s Computation were in all but 7500 Men. All things being diſpoſed for Action, on *June* 14, 1645, near *Naſeby* at ten in the Morning, the Battle began, with more than civil Rage. Prince *Rupert* gave the firſt Charge, and engaged the Parliament's left Wing with great Reſolution. *Ireton* made gallant Reſiſtance, but was forced to give ground; his Horſe being ſhot under him, and himſelf run thro' the Thigh with a Pike, and into the Face with a Halbert, and taken Priſoner, till, upon the Turn of the Battle, he regain'd his Liberty. The Prince chaſed the Enemy almoſt to *Naſeby* Town; but here, as in the Battle of *Marſton-Moor*, his long Stay from the main Body was no ſmall Prejudice to the King's Army; for *Cromwell*, in the mean time, charged in Flank the King's Infantry, who could not ſtand ſo vigorous a Shock. *Fairfax* and *Shippon* took Advantage of this Aſſiſtance to rally their Troops, who had been roughly handled

handled at the beginning of the Battle, and at the last the King's Foot was so routed, that there was no Possibility of rallying them. However the King upon the return of Prince *Rupert* with his victorious Cavalry, used his utmost Endeavours to persuade them to charge the Enemy once more, but he could not prevail. And the Earl of *Carnwath* observing his Majesty, notwithstanding the unwillingness of his own Troops, still bent on charging the Enemies, rode up to him and said, "Sir, "will you go upon your Death in an Instant? And, "withal, laying hold on the King's Bridle turn'd his "Horse to the right." The King's Cavalry seeing his Majesty's Horse turn'd, without knowing the Cause, rode off upon the Spur, nor ever look'd behind: So that the King was likewise obliged to retire, and leave his Enemies Masters of the Field. *Whitelock* says, that on the Parliament's Side were wounded and slain above a thousand, Officers and common Soldiers, but the King's Loss, in this Battle, was irreparable; for besides that there were slain above 150 Officers, and Gentlemen of Quality, most of his Foot were taken Prisoners, with all his Canon and Baggage, 8000 Arms, and other rich Booty; among which was also his Majesty's own Cabinet, where were reposited his Majesty's most secret Papers and Letters; of which all that would serve their turn, the Parliament were so cruel as to print and publish; particularly his Letters concerning the *Uxbridge* Treaty: and from this Advantage, the Parliament's Army, like a Torrent, soon overflow'd the Kingdom, bearing down all before them.

Bristol was a Place of great Importance; which Prince *Rupert*, with about 5000 Horse and Foot, held for the King. The General being come before it, (*August* 22) summon'd Prince *Rupert* to deliver up the Town; but, upon his Refusal, it was advised by *Cromwell* to take it by Storm; which, accordingly, was executed with so much Fury, that the Prince thought not fit to run the hazard of a second Assault, but immediately surrender'd to the Parliament's General, whereby the King lost all his chief Magazines and warlike Provisions; and consequently, in a short time, *South-Wales*, and all the *West* of

of *England*. *Fairfax* and *Cromwell* sent Letters to the Parliament, relating to the Particulars of this Siege: And, in *Cromwell*'s, there was this Passage, "It may be "thought that some Praises are due to those gallant Men, "of whose Valour so much mention is made: their "humble Suit to you, and all that have an Interest in "this Blessing, is, that in remembrance of God's Praises, "they may be forgotten. It is their Joy, that they are "Instruments to God's Glory, and their Country's good: "It is their Honour, that God vouchsafes to use them. "Sir, they that have been employ'd in this Service know, "that Faith and Prayers obtain'd this City for you."

Sept. 21. *Cromwell* marches with a Brigade of four Regiments to the strong Castle of the *Devizes:* The Governor made a Shew of defending himself, but however capitulated on the morrow. *Cromwell* with his accustom'd Promptness then hastens to *Winchester*, and, in his March, disarms and disperses the *Club-Men* of *Hampshire*. He reduces *Winchester*, and then advancing to *Basing* a Seat of the Marquis of *Winchester*, (who declar'd that had the King no more ground in *England* than *Basing House*, he would hold it out to the last Extremity) he took it by Storm. After that he attack'd *Langford-House*, near *Salisbury*, which surrender'd upon Articles: and then marching Westward, he fought the Brigade, commanded by the Lord *Wentworth*, and took 400 Horse, and about 100 Foot Prisoners; with six Standards, one of which was the King's.

Fairfax and *Cromwell* next appear'd before *Dartmouth*, and took it by Storm; which being done, they encounter'd the Lord *Hopton* at *Torrington*, and gave him an absolute Defeat. Soon after which, *Exeter* was surrender'd to the Parliament.

The Parliament Army, flush'd with so great Success, was now marching to besiege *Oxford*, the King's Head Quarters, and Place of his Residence. But before the Siege could be form'd the King escaped from thence, on the 27th of *April*, 1646, and flung himself into the Hands of the *Scotish* Army then lying before *Newark*. And *Oxford*, being close block'd up, surrender'd on the

22d

22d of *June*; as did the few remaining Garrisons, soon after; *viz. Worcester*, *Wallingford*, *Pendennis*-Castle, and *Ragland*-Castle. But the *Scots*, upon receiving 200000 Pounds, deliver'd, or rather sold, the King, (which, says *Rapin*, I will neither affirm, nor deny;) after he had been with them nine Months, to the Parliament's Commissioners; who conducted him to *Holmby*-House in *Northamptonshire*.

The Victors now (as usual) began to quarrel among themselves, and high Contests arose between the Independent and Presbyterian Parties, the one not enduring any Superior, nor the other any Equal. *Cromwell*, a Man (says *Rapin*) of uncommon Resolution, Capacity, and profound Dissimulation, was then at the head of the Independents, tho' he still affected passing for a stanch Presbyterian; yet not so covertly, as to prevent the Parliament's being jealous of Him; who were thereupon now taking Measures to dismiss him, and his chief Partizans, from their military Posts. *Cromwell* having timely Notice of this Resolution, he, together with *Ireton*, insinuated to the Soldiers, that the Parliament intended to disband them without paying their Arrears; or else to send them into *Ireland* to die of Sickness and Famine. And there being many Officers in the Army, who before the Wars, had been only mean Plebeians and Mechanics, they were ready for any Undertaking to avoid returning to their pristine Occupations, and the being mixed as before with the Populace: They broke out therefore into reviling Language against the Parliament, and resolved, they would not be divided, or disbanded. They demanded likewise, that, as the whole Army was concern'd, they might discuss this Affair in a Committee chosen by themselves, out of every Company and Troop; which being granted, the Soldiers chose two out of every Company, who were stiled *Agitators*, (rather Adjutators, a Sort of Parliament in opposition to the two Houses) to debate upon the Matters, which were to be brought before the Council of Officers, called *The Council of War*. But among the *Agitators*, few or none were above the Degree of Ensign. The Parliament were much offended

at

at this Behaviour of the Army, but the Prudence and Moderation of Major General *Skippon*, in reporting the Matter to the House, much abated the Heat of their Resentment; tho' several threatning Expressions came from some of them, which occasion'd *Cromwell* to whisper *Ludlow* in the Ear, saying, *These Men will never leave, till the Army pull them out by the Ears.* But thinking it necessary to keep as fair as possible with the Parliament, and having an excellent Knack at Dissimulation, he seem'd highly displeased at the Insolence of the Soldiers, and inveigh'd bitterly against their Presumption; saying, *That for his own part, by the Artifice of his Enemies, and of those who desired that the Nation should be again embru'd in Blood, he was render'd so obnoxious to the Army, that they had design'd to kill him, if he had not timely escaped their Hands.* But notwithstanding this, he was greatly suspected by many, of having underhand encouraged the Army's Proceedings: And the most active Officers and *Agitators*, were believed to be his own Creatures; who would do nothing without his Direction: So that it was privately resolved, by the chief Members of the *House of Commons*, that when he came the next Day to the House, they would send him to the *Tower*.

But *Cromwell*, who seldom or never fail'd in getting good Intelligence, instead of going to the House, hasten'd to the Army, from whence he sent to the *House of Commons* a Letter, to acquaint them, that *having the Night before, received a Letter from some Officers of his own Regiment, that the Jealousy the Troops had conceived of him was much abated; so that they believed, if he would forthwith come down to them, they would all by his Advice be soon reclaim'd; upon this he had made all the haste he could; and did find, that the Soldiers had been much abused by his Information*, &c.

Sir *Harbottle Grimstone*, about this time, (as we are inform'd by Bishop *Burnet*, p. 45.) accused *Cromwell* to the House, of a Design to put a Force upon them; and having his Witnesses at the Door, requested they might be examin'd; accordingly they were examin'd, and withdrew: When *Cromwell* falling down on his Knees, made

a solemn Prayer to God, attesting his Innocence and Zeal for the Interest of the House. This he did, with great Vehemence, and many Tears, and then made so long a Speech, that he tir'd the House, and wrought so much on his Party, that what the Officers and Witnesses had said, was so little credited, that Sir *Harbottle* believ'd, if it had been mov'd, both he and they had been sent to the *Tower*.

At another time, (Mr. *Locke* tells us, in his Memoirs of Sir *Anthony Ashley Cowper*, first Earl of *Shaftsbury*,) when Mr. *Hollis* mov'd in the House, that *Cromwell*, and those guilty with him, shou'd be punish'd; *Cromwell*, being then in the House, no sooner heard this, but he stole out, took Horse, and posted to the Army; where he inform'd them of what the Presbyterian Party were doing in the House; and made such use of it to them, that they now united together under him; who, forthwith, march'd to *London*, and, as they call'd it, purg'd the House, turning out the Presbyterians; and Mr. *Hollis* and his Party, with *Stapylton* and some others, were oblig'd to fly: whereby the Independent Party became the stronger.

In 1647, the King was taken from *Holmby*, and carry'd to the Army, by Cornet *Joyce*, one of the *Agitators*, who from a Taylor, before the War, was become a Commission-Officer, and had signalized himself by his Bravery; who, when he was told that the General was displeas'd at him, said that Lieutenant-General *Cromwell* had given him Orders at *London*, to do all that he had done. And indeed *Fairfax* (as my Author says,) had now resign'd himself to *Cromwell*, who led and govern'd him as he pleas'd.

Cromwell's great Design now was to hinder any Conjunction between the King and the Presbyterians; he therefore conducted him to *Hampton-Court*; where he permitted his Chaplains to attend him, and often visited him himself; and in Conference, is said, particularly to have promis'd him, that *if he, and his Party, wou'd sit still, and neither act, nor declare against the Army, they wou'd restore him, and make him the most glorious Prince in Christendom.* Tho' we are told, that in private, among his Friends, he

he boasted, *That now he had got the King into his Hands, he had the Parliament in his Pocket.*

The Army in general, as well as *Cromwell*, appear'd at this time to be very zealous for the King's Interest; and yet they seem'd somewhat to suspect the reality of one another's Intentions. And *Cromwell* himself told Sir *John Berkley*, that *he doubted the Army wou'd not persist in their good Intentions towards the King*; and likewise, that *he had seen the tenderest Sight that ever Eyes beheld*, which was the Interview between the King and his Children; that he (*Cromwell*) did weep plentifully at the remembrance thereof, saying; that *never was man so abus'd as he, in his sinister Opinion of the King, who, he thought, was the most upright and conscientious of his Kingdom.*

About this time several Members, and the Speakers of both Houses, being apprehensive of danger from the City, repair'd to the Army, complaining of some Violences upon the Parliament: whereupon *Cromwell* march'd to *Westminster*, and plac'd the Guards in the Court, in the Hall, and even at the Doors of the two Houses, while General *Fairfax* conducted the several Members, who had fled to the Army, to their Seats in Parliament. And two Days after, the Army march'd, as it were in triumph, thro' the City; *Cromwell* leading the Rear-Guard, and all his Soldiers having Laurel-Boughs in their Hats. After this pompous March, the Army was distributed into Quarters in *Kent*, *Surrey* and *Essex*, thus surrounding the City.

The City being quieted, and the Parliament and Army seemingly reconcil'd, there now arose Differences in the Army itself. The *Agitators*, no longer inclin'd to an Agreement with the King, were very much disturb'd at some of the great Officers, who were still for promoting such Agreement. *Cromwell* was very uneasy at this, and inform'd the King's Party of it; telling Sir *John Berkley*, and Mr. *Ashburnham*, that *if he were an honest Man, he had said enough of the Sincerity of his Intentions*; *and if he were not, nothing was enough*; and therefore he conjur'd them, as they tender'd the King's Service, *not to come so frequently to his Quarters, but to send privately to him*; *the Suspicion of him being grown so great, he was afraid to lie in them*

himself. Thus the *Agitators*, who were suppos'd to be set up by *Cromwell* to oppose the Presbyterian's Design of disbanding them, began to be very troublesome to him; and were, at length, so set against him, that he was forc'd, for his own Safety, to make his Peace with them, by abandoning the King's Interest. But finding that the *Agitators* were resolv'd to seize upon the Person of the King, he acquainted him with the Danger he was in, and still assuring him of his real Service, protested to him, that *it was not in his Power to undertake for his Security in that Place where he now resided.* Hereupon the King makes his Escape from *Hampton-Court*, and goes to the *Isle of Wight*; being, very probably, (as *Ludlow* observes,) recommended thither by *Cromwell*, who, as well as the King, had a good Opinion of the Governor, Colonel *Hammond*, Son-in-law to *John Hampden*, and by him recommended to that Government.

The Parliament being inform'd of the King's withdrawing himself from *Hampton-Court*, was in a terrible Consternation: But within two Days their Fears were all remov'd by *Cromwell's* informing the House, that he had receiv'd Letters from Colonel *Hammond*, of the King's coming to the *Isle of Wight*, and that he remain'd there in *Carisbrook* Castle, till the Parliament's Pleasure shou'd be known: And he, at the same time, assur'd them, that Colonel *Hammond* was so honest a Man, and so much devoted to their Service, that they need not fear his being corrupted by any body. And all this Relation he made, (says my Lord *Clarendon*,) with so unusual a Gaiety, that all Men concluded, that his Majesty was where *Cromwell* desir'd he shou'd be.

The *Agitators* however grew still bolder, and were resolv'd to accomplish their Designs; and gaining over many to their Party were now called *Levellers*; a set of Men, (says *Rapin*) who declar'd that all degrees of Men should be levell'd, and a perfect Equality establish'd both in Titles and Estates throughout the Kingdom. These therefore, to distinguish themselves at a general Rendezvous, appear'd, every one, with a Paper in his Hat, with these Words written upon it, *The Rights of* England, *and the Consent of*

of the People. But *Cromwell* reſolving to ſuppreſs this Licence, with a wonderful Briskneſs and Vivacity, at the Hazard of his Life, rode up to one of the Regiments, which wore the diſtinguiſhing Marks, and commanded them to take them out of their Hats; which they refuſing to do, he caus'd ſeveral of them to be ſeiz'd, ſtruck two or three of them on the Head with his own Hand, and order'd one of them, whom he had ſeiz'd, to be ſhot dead upon the Place; and deliver'd the reſt into the Hands of the Marſhal; and having diſpers'd the Army to their Quarters, wrote an Account of his Proceedings to the Parliament; who being very deſirous to have this Spirit quell'd in the Army, return'd him the Thanks of the Houſe. But *Cromwell* finding, afterwards, that two thirds of the Army were of this Party, he employ'd all his Endeavours to make Peace with them, pretending, as he knew well enough how to do on ſuch Occaſions, that *the Glory of the World had ſo dazzl'd his Eyes, that he could not diſcern clearly the great Works that the Lord was doing.* He alſo ſent comfortable Meſſages to the Priſoners he had ſeiz'd at the late Rendezvous, aſſuring them that nothing ſhou'd be done to their Prejudice: And by theſe, and the like Arts, he perfected his Reconciliation with the *levelling* Party. And when Sir *John Berkley* ſent Colonel *Cook* to *Cromwell*, to acquaint him that he had Letters and Inſtructions to him from the King, *Cromwell* return'd him Anſwer, *that he durſt not ſee him, it being very dangerous to them both; aſſuring him that he wou'd ſerve the King, as long as he could do it, without his own Ruin*; but deſir'd *it might not be expected that he ſhou'd periſh for his Sake.*

Agreeable to this the Author of the Memoirs of Lord *Broghill* informs us, that in a Diſcourſe with *Cromwell* and *Ireton*, *Cromwell* inform'd Lord *Broghill*, that *if he* (the King) *had follow'd his own Mind, and had had truſty Servants about him, he had fool'd them all.* Adding, that *once we had an Inclination to have come to Terms with him; but whilſt we were buſied with theſe Thoughts there came a Letter to us from one of our Spies, who was of the King's Bed-Chamber, acquainting us, that our final Doom was decreed that Day. What it was he could not tell, but that a Letter*

Letter was gone to the Queen with the Contents of it; *which Letter was sew'd up in the Skirts of a Saddle*, &c. *The Saddle*, says he, *we got*, *and found the Letter as directed*, *wherein the King acquainted the Queen*, *that he was now courted by both the Factions*; the *Scotch* Presbyterians, and the Army; *but which of them bid fairest for him*, *shou'd have him*; *and that he thought he shou'd sooner close with the* Scots. *Upon which we hasted to* Windsor, *and finding we were not likely to have any tolerable Terms from the King*, *we immediately resolv'd to ruin him.* And Dr. *Welwood* in his Memoirs says, concerning this Matter, "As every thing did contribute to the Fall of King *Charles*, "so did every thing contribute to the Rise of *Cromwell*; "and as there was no design at first against the King's "Life, so it is probable that *Cromwell* had no thought for "a long time, of ever arriving at what he afterwards was. "It is known he was once in Treaty with the King, but "the Secret getting vent by the Indiscretion of some about "the King, push'd *Cromwell* on to prevent his own, by "the Ruin of the King." Be this as it will, it is certain, (says my Lord *Clarendon*,) that a few Days after the King's Departure from *Hampton-Court*, there was a Meeting of the General Officers of the Army at *Windsor*, where *Cromwell* and *Ireton* were present, to consider what shou'd now be done with the King; and it was resolv'd he shou'd be prosecuted for his Life as a criminal Person.

And now the Parliament and the Army were both united against the King. But notwithstanding this Conjunction, they cou'd not enjoy their Power and Authority without great Disturbances and Opposition: and Tumults, Insurrections still every where increasing, brought on a second civil War: when *Fairfax* was order'd into *Kent*, *Lambert* into the *North*, and *Cromwell* into *Wales*.

But *Cromwell* dispatch'd Colonel *Horton* before him, who with 3000 Horse, Foot and Dragoons, defeated *Laughorn*'s Army. Upon this *Cromwell* hastens to join him, and in his way besieg'd and took *Chepstow*, on *May* 25, 1648. And now arriving in *Pembrokeshire*, he took *Tenby* by storm; but meeting with stout Resistance at *Pembroke* from Lieutenant-General *Laughorn*, Colonel *Poyer*,

Poyer, and Colonel *Powel*, he ſtarv'd them to a Surrender on *July* 11. *Laughorn*, *Powel*, and *Poyer*, had faithfully ſerv'd the Parliament during the War, but by the new Eſtabliſhment were disbanded; and being diſguſted at this, and hearing that the *Scotiſh* Army was entering *England*, they declared for King *Charles*, and rais'd an Army of about 8000 Men; which not ſucceeding they were taken Priſoners and order'd to draw Lots for their Lives; when the fatal Lot fell upon *Poyer*, and he was ſhot to Death in *Covent-Garden*.

About this time the *Scots* invaded *England* with a numerous Army commanded by Duke *Hamilton*; whereupon they are declar'd to be Enemies, and *Cromwell* is order'd to meet and fight them accordingly. After the Reduction of *Wales*, *Cromwell* march'd towards the *North* with all his Power, and having join'd *Lambert*, both Armies met on the 17th of *Auguſt*, near *Preſton* in *Lancaſhire*. The *Engliſh*, in the *Scotch* Army, had the Honour of the Van, and fought deſperately as *Cromwell* himſelf acknowledg'd, but were at laſt ſo vigorouſly preſs'd upon, that they were forc'd to retreat to a Paſs which they endeavour'd to maintain whilſt they ſent to the Duke for Succour; but ſeeing none come, they began to ſhift for themſelves. And the *Scots* hereby diſhearten'd, retreated likewiſe in a diſorderly Manner, but were ſo cloſely purſu'd by *Cromwell* that many of the Foot threw down their Arms and yielded themſelves Priſoners, and many were ſlain. Duke *Hamilton* flying from one Place to another, was at laſt drove to *Utoxeter* in *Staffordſhire*, where he was taken Priſoner and ſent to *Windſor*-Caſtle. *Cromwell* having thus defeated the *Scots* under Duke *Hamilton*, reſolv'd to proſecute the Advantage by marching with all poſſible Speed againſt *Monroe*, who was come into *England* as a Reſerve to the Duke. But having Notice given him that *Cromwell* was advancing towards him, and not thinking he ſhould be able to ſtand before him, who had but juſt before defeated an Army ſo much exceeding his own, he haſten'd back into *Scotland*. But *Cromwell* follow'd him, and with his victorious Army continuing his March towards *Scotland*, in his way reduced *Carliſle* and *Berwick* to their former Obedience; both being deliver'd

deliver'd up to him upon Composition. He then marches directly to *Edinburgh*, where he is magnificently receiv'd by the Marquis of *Argyle* and many other of the *Scotch* Nobility. And thus (says my Author) the *Scotch* Presbyterians, who lately look'd upon the Independent Party as the worst of their Enemies, now own'd and embrac'd this Sectarian Army (as they before call'd it) as their best Friends and Deliverers. And here we may observe (with *Rapin*) that the Presbyterians had been superior from the beginning of Hostilities to *August* 6, 1647. The Independents prevail'd from that Day till near the close of the Year 1648, when the Army was forced to remove from *London:* after which, the Presbyterians were again Masters; and on *December* 6, this same Year, the Independents utterly expell'd the Presbyterians, or at least disabled them from supporting their Party. *Cromwell* arrived at *London* the Night before, and lay in one of the King's best Beds at *Whitehall:* He sat in the House that Day, and received Thanks for his signal Services.

The King being now remov'd (by Order of *Cromwell*, as it was supposed) from the *Isle of Wight* to *Hurst-Castle* in *Hampshire*; several Petitions were offer'd to the Parliament against him; and to the same purpose *Ireton*'s Regiment and others had petition'd the General; which, as *Whitelock* observes, was the beginning of the Design against the King's Person. Hereupon it was moved in the House to proceed capitally against him: when *Cromwell* stood up and declar'd, that *if any Man mov'd this upon Design, he shou'd think him the greatest Traitor in the World, but since Providence and Necessity had cast them upon it, he wou'd pray to God to bless their Counsels, tho' he was not prepar'd at present to give them Advice.*

Soon after the Committee of the Commons, which had been appointed to draw up a Charge against the King, reported an Ordinance for impeaching *Charles Stuart, King of* England, *of High Treason*; and for trying him by Commissioners to be nominated in the said Ordinance; which being agreed to by the Commons, was on *January* 2 carry'd up to the Lords, then about sixteen in all, for their Concurrence: But upon their rejecting it, the Commons

pass'd

paſs'd theſe remarkable Votes: *Firſt*, That *the People, under God, are the Original of all juſt Power.* 2*dly*, That *the Commons of* England, *being choſen by and repreſenting the People, are the ſupreme Power of the Nation.* 3*dly*, That *whatſoever is enacted, or declar'd for Law, by the Houſe of Commons aſſembled in Parliament, has the Force of Law, tho' the Conſent of the King and Houſe of Peers be not had thereunto.* Then they proceeded to conſtitute and erect a Court, to be call'd *The High Court of Juſtice*, which ſhou'd have Authority to try the King and examine Witneſſes. The Number of Commiſſioners nominated were 135, whereof twenty, or more, had Power to proceed. They conſiſted promiſcuouſly of Members of the Houſe, Officers of the Army, Citizens, and Country Gentlemen. About *fifty* that were nam'd refus'd to act. Of which number were the Speaker *Lenthal* and General *Fairfax:* and Mr. *Elſinge* deſired to be diſmiſs'd from being Clerk of the Parliament, becauſe, ſays *Whitelocke* (Mem. p. 364.) of his own Knowledge, he wou'd have no hand in the Buſineſs of the King; he was a juſt and honeſt Man, and a moſt excellent Clerk. Of thoſe who acted, *Cromwell* and *Ireton* were next the Preſident. The Commiſſioners made choice of Serjeant *Bradſhaw* for that Office; and nominated Mr. *Steel* to be Attorney-General; Mr. *Coke* Solicitor; Dr. *Doriſlaus* and Mr. *Ask* to be Pleaders againſt the King; Serjeant *Dandy*, Serjeant at Arms; Mr. *Phelps* and Mr. *Broughton*, Clerks to the Court; and *Weſtminſter-Hall* was appointed to be the Place of Trial. And here we ſhall drop the Curtain, only obſerving, with regard to *Cromwell*, that among the many Endeavours at this time to ſave the King, Colonel *John Cromwell*, a near Relation of the great *Oliver* came to him with credential Letters from the States of *Holland*, whereto was added a Blank, with the King's Signet, and another of the Prince's, both confirm'd by the States, for *Cromwell* to ſet down his own Conditions, if he wou'd now ſave his Majeſty's Life. At this *Cromwell* paus'd a little, and then ſaid, I deſire you will give me till Night to conſider of it; and do you go to your Inn, and not to Bed, till you hear from me. The Colonel did accordingly, and about One in the Morn-

ing, a Messenger came to tell him he might go to rest, and expect no other Answer to carry to the Prince; for the Council of Officers had been *seeking God*, as he also had done the same, and it was resolv'd by them all *that the King must die*. And tho' Bishop *Burnet* says, that *Ireton* was the Person that drove on the King's Trial and Death, and that *Cromwell* was all the while in suspence about it, yet we cannot but observe that *Cromwell*'s Hand stood third in the Warrant for his Execution; and that Colonel *Ingoldsby* solemnly declared that *Cromwell* forcibly guided *his* Hand in signing the same. And indeed it is surmis'd that *Cromwell* himself gave the fatal Stroke, which I suppose arose from the different Opinions concerning this Affair. Captain *Hewlett* was condemn'd after the Restoration for cutting off the King's Head, or at least for being one of the Persons who stood mask'd upon the Scaffold, but was afterwards repriev'd. *Lilly* in his own Life writes, that in a Discourse with *Robert Spavin*, *Cromwell*'s Secretary, the said *Robert Spavin* declar'd as follows: "Some "say it was the common Hangman, others think *Hugh* "*Peters*, others I know not who, that beheaded the "King, but they are all mistaken; I can assure you it "was Lieutenant-Colonel *Joyce*; I was in the Room "when he fitted himself for the Work, stood behind him "when he did it, and when done went in again with "him. There's no Man knows this but my Master "*Cromwell*, Commissary *Ireton*, and myself." There is likewise a solemn Confession extant (which I have seen) of *Brandon*'s the common Hangman, said to be made on his Death-bed the Summer following, wherein he declares, That he was the Person who actually smote the Blow for a Reward of thirty Pounds; and that he was seiz'd with a trembling at the time of the Execution, which continu'd on him till that very Day of his Death.

Having seen the Actions of this wonderful Man *Oliver Cromwell*, during the Life of King *Charles*, let us now view him under the Commonwealth Government. The Parliament, for so the Remnant of the House of Commons, consisting of about eighty Members, call'd themselves, on *February* 5, voted the House of Peers *to be useless*

uſeleſs and dangerous; and an Act was accordingly paſs'd for aboliſhing it, tho' *Cromwell* is ſaid to appear for them. The Form of Government was declar'd to be a Commonwealth, and a Council of State was appointed, conſiſting of forty Perſons, whereof *Cromwell* was one, wherein Power was given to command and ſettle the Militia of *England* and *Ireland*; to order the Fleet; to appoint Magazines and Stores, *&c.* *Bulſtrode*, *Whitelocke*, *Richard Keble*, and *John Liſle* were appointed Commiſſioners of the new broad Seal: and all Writs formerly running in the King's Name were to be iſſu'd out in the Names of *The Keepers of the Liberty of* England: And a new Oath or Engagement was prepar'd, *To be true and faithful to the Government eſtabliſh'd without King or Houſe of Peers:* all who refus'd to take it, to be incapable of holding any Place or Office in Church or State.

Matters being now brought to ſome degree of Settlement, it was thought fit to aboliſh the Council of *Agitators*, which occaſion'd freſh Diſturbance in the Army; till *Cromwell*, by his Art and Courage, again ſuppreſs'd the *Levellers* in much the ſame manner as before.

After this the Lord-General *Fairfax* and Lieutenant-General *Cromwell* viſited *Oxford*, (the Univerſity having ſent a Deputation to invite them thither) where they were nobly treated and made Doctors of the Civil Law: then they viſited *Plimouth*, from whence they return'd to *London* in triumph; and receiv'd new Marks of Honour from the Parliament, and Preſents from the City.

On *June* 22, 1649, *Cromwell* had a pompous Commiſſion given him in *Latin* and *Engliſh*, to command all Forces to be ſent into *Ireland*, and to be Lord Governor both as to civil and military Affairs in that Kingdom for three Years. And from the very Minute of receiving this Charge, *Cromwell* us'd incredible Expedition in the raiſing of Money, providing of Shipping, and drawing the Forces together for this Enterpriſe.

On the 10th of *July* he left *London*, ſetting forward in great State, being drawn in a Coach and Six and attended by many Members of Parliament and Council of State; with the chief Officers of the Army, his Life-Guard con-

sisting of eighty Men, who had formerly been Commanders, bravely mounted and accoutred, both themselves and Servants. Thus was he conducted to *Brentford*; where the Gentlemen who escorted him took their leave; and he went directly to *Bristol* to take order for the Train of Artillery, and from thence into *Wales*; and, on the 13th of *August*, he set sail from *Milford* Haven with thirty two Ships, wherein was the Van of his Army. *Ireton* soon follow'd him with the main Body in forty two Vessels, and *Hugh Peters* with twenty Sail bringing up the rear. With a prosperous Wind they soon arrived at *Dublin*, and were received with all possible Demonstrations of Joy.

His first Action was against *Tredagh*, or *Drogheda*, a Town well fortified, with a Garrison in it of 2500 Foot and 300 Horse, the Flower of the Royal Army under the Command of Sir *Arthur Aston*, a brave experienced Soldier. But notwithstanding the most gallant Defence that could be made, *Cromwell* took it by Storm, and commanded his Men to put all they met with to the Sword; among whom fell the brave Sir *Arthur Aston*. This great Action was so surprising, that *O Neal* at the hearing of it, swore an extravagant Oath, *That if* Cromwell *had taken* Tredagh *by Storm, if he shou'd storm Hell, he wou'd take it.*

The dismal Destruction of *Tredagh* render'd *Cromwell*'s Name formidable to all other Places round about. And particularly, the Garrisons of *Trim* and *Dundalk*, fearing the like Usage, abandon'd them to the Conqueror.

On *October* 1, *Cromwell* with his Army came before *Wexford*, which after a desperate Fight he likewise took by Storm, and exercised the same Severity as at *Tredagh*; the Design of which was to discourage other Places from making Opposition, to which Purpose he wrote to the Parliament, that he believed this Severity would save much Effusion of Blood.

He then march'd with his Army towards *Ross*, a strong Town upon the Barrow; which he soon reduced: And *Kingsale*, *Cork*, *Youghall*, *Bandon-Bridge*, and other Garrisons voluntarily declared for the Conqueror; which

Garrisons

Garriſons proved of great Uſe to the Reducement of *Munſter*, and conſequently of all *Ireland*.

Cromwell having made himſelf maſter of *Roſs*, cauſed a Bridge of Boats to be laid over the Barrow, and his Army to ſit down before *Duncannon*; a ſtrong Fort, commanded by Colonel *Wogan*; but this Place was ſo well provided with all Neceſſaries, that he judg'd it would be time loſt to tarry long before it: So he immediately march'd with his Army to beſiege *Waterford:* But finding that the City was reſolved to ſtand upon their own Defence; and it being now *December*, and the Weather very wet, he thought it moſt adviſeable to draw off his Army into Winter-Quarters.

About the end of *January* the Army took the Field again, and march'd away over the *Blackwater*, towards the Counties of *Limerick* and *Tipperary*, where ſeveral Places were deliver'd up to him; particularly *Cloghern* Houſe, *Roghill* Caſtle, and *Feathard*, a Garriſon Town, where the Forces having a little refreſh'd themſelves march'd to *Calan*, which they took by Storm, and march'd back again to *Feathard*; by the way taking the two Caſtles of *Knocktover* and *Bullynard:* After which ſoon follow'd *Kiltennon*, *Arſennon*, *Coher* and *Dundrum*, very conſiderable Places.

After the Maſſacre at *Tredagh*, and the treacherous giving up the Towns in *Munſter* by the Officers under Lord *Inchiquin*, there broke out ſo implacable a Jealouſy among the *Iriſh* againſt all the *Engliſh*, that no Orders of the Marquis of *Ormond* found any Obedience, nor could he draw an Army together.

Cromwell made ſuch uſe of this Animoſity, that he had now entirely ſubdued all Places of Importance, except *Limerick*, *Waterford*, *Clonmell*, *Galloway*, and *Kilkenny*; theſe were Places of great Strength, and would take up much time: However, he reſolved to attempt the laſt. But in his way he reduced *Gowran* a populous Town, defended by a ſtrong Caſtle, whereof one *Hammond* a *Kentiſh* Man was Governor; who, by the Sedition of the Soldiers, was enforc'd to deliver up the Town, and he, and all the Commiſſion Officers were the

next

next Day shot to Death; and the Priest, who was Chaplain to the Popish Soldiers in the Regiment was hang'd.

On the 22d Day of *March* 1650, he besieg'd *Kilkenny*; and took it in about a Week's time; and soon after, but with greater difficulty, he took *Clonmell* by Storm; and was now preparing to take *Waterford* and *Duncannon* which he had miss'd before; when, about the middle of *May*, he was by a second Order, or rather Request of the Parliament, obliged to leave the finishing of his so far extended Conquests to his Son-in-law *Ireton*, whom, for that purpose, he constituted Lord Deputy; and he himself embark'd directly for *England*; but before he left *Ireland*, he publish'd a Proclamation permitting all the *Irish* Officers to list in the Service of foreign Princes, as many Soldiers as they pleased of their own Nation, with a Promise not to give them the least Interruption; and Lord *Clarendon* observes, that *Cromwell* by this Expedient sent upwards of 40000 Men out of that Island; while *Ormond*, notwithstanding all the Promises, Obligations, and Contracts of the *Irish* with him, could not raise a Body of 5000. So that *Ireton*, whom *Cromwell* had left as his Lieutenant, had little to do in his Absence. *Cromwell* landed at *Bristol*; and, in a triumphant Manner hasten'd to *London*; but, as he was passing by *Tyburn*, a certain Flatterer pointing to the Crowds that came to meet him, and saying, *See, Sir, what a Multitude of People come to attend your Triumph:* he answer'd, with a Smile and very unconcern'd, *More would come to see me hang'd.*

Cromwell upon his arrival at *London* took his Seat in Parliament; where by Order of the House the Speaker thank'd him for his Services; and in about a Month's time he was employ'd in a new Expedition against the *Scots:* Who, upon the King's Death, had proclaim'd his Son, Prince *Charles*, King of *Scotland*, *England*, *France* and *Ireland*, and sent Commissioners to the *Hague*, to invite his Majesty into *Scotland*, where he accordingly landed on the *16th of June*, after a Demand from the Council, that he would sign both the Covenants, before he sat his Feet upon the Shore. To which he was persuaded to consent.

While

While theſe Tranſactions were carrying on in *Scotland*, *Cromwell* adviſed the *Council of State*, not to be behind-hand with their Army, nor to truſt to any after-game; but to prevent the *Scotch* Invaſion of *England*, by carrying the War directly into *Scotland*. This was oppoſed by the Lord General *Fairfax*, who, as *Whitelock* affirms, being conſulted, at firſt approved of this Motion; but afterwards, upon the hourly Solicitations of the Presbyterian Miniſters, and his own Lady, a great Patroneſs of them, he declared, *it was againſt his Conſcience:* and deſired leave to lay down his Commiſſion; which while *Cromwell* was diſſuading him from, *Ludlow* ſays, that he [*Cromwell*] *acted his Part ſo to the Life, that I really thought him in earneſt*. However *Fairfax* perſiſted in his Reſolution, which being yielded to, and a Penſion ſettled on him of 5000 *per Annum*, an Act paſt, conſtituting and appointing *Oliver Cromwell*, Eſquire, to be Captain General in chief, of all the Forces raiſed and to be raiſed by Authority of Parliament within the Commonwealth of *England*.

Ireton dying of the Plague, Colonel *Ludlow* was diſmiſs'd to *Ireland* as Lieutenant-General of the Horſe; and *Cromwell* on the 29th of *June*, advanced towards the Army in the *North*. At *Newcaſtle* he was gallantly entertain'd by the Governor, Sir *Arthur Haſlerig*, and the next Day he kept a ſolemn Faſt, to implore the Bleſſing of God upon the preſent Expedition. From thence he went to *Berwick*, and, on the 20th of *July* he cauſed a general Rendezvous on *Haggerſtone-Moor*, where he was received by the Army with great Shouting and other Signs of Joy.

From hence they advanced to *Coberſpath*, and the next Day arrived at *Dunbar*, where they were recruited with Proviſions from the Ships ſent thither from *England*, for the Country afforded them none, being quite deſtitute of Inhabitants. From thence they march'd without any the leaſt Oppoſition to *Haddington*, twelve Miles from *Edinburgh*. The Day after the General drew up the whole Army before *Edinburgh*, near which the *Scotch* Army was encamp'd upon a very advantageous Ground. Some Skirmiſhes happen'd, in one of which on *Auguſt* 26, a

Scot

Scot fired a Carabine at *Cromwell*; whereupon *Cromwell* calling out said, *Had he been one of* his *Soldiers, he would have cashier'd* him *for firing at so great a distance.* But with all the Baits and Stratagems of War, he could not draw the Enemy from their Trenches, or bring them to an Engagement. So that the whole Month of *August* was spent in Conferences and Counter-marches, which seem'd tedious to a Man of *Cromwell*'s Spirit: He therefore, for want of Forage and Provisions retreats again to *Dunbar*, designing to embark his Foot, and with only his Horse return into *England.* He was here in great Distress, for the *Scotch* Army followed at a convenient distance, being reinforced with the addition of three Regiments, and consisting now of about 27000 Men; whereas his own was in a very weak and sickly Condition being reduced to 12000; neither could he embark his Foot; without running the Risk of a Defeat, as the *Scotch* General *Lesley* was incamp'd upon an Hill about a Mile from *Dunbar. Lesley* did not care to leave this advantageous Situation to attack the *English*, but the Clamours of the Ministers in his Army, who promised an undoubted Victory, (and who as *Cromwell* inform'd the House by Letter in their Prayers said, *If God will not deliver them from the Sectaries, he shall not be their God,*) obliged him on *September* 2d, to draw nearer to the Enemy. When upon seeing them in Motion, *Cromwell* cried out to his Soldiers, *God is delivering them into our Hands, they are coming down upon us.* He forthwith went to Prayers, and then inform'd some of his Officers, *He had felt in praying such a Repose in his Mind, that he doubted not but God would grant him the Victory.* Perhaps, says *Rapin*, he believed this; and it might be only an Artifice to animate his Soldiers, who were most of them *Fanatics.* The Armies remain'd in Sight the rest of the Day, and at Night *Cromwell* call'd a Council of War, when it was resolved to fall upon the Enemy an Hour before break of Day. It was his frequent and ever successful Maxim, not to expect, but attack the Enemy, regardless of number, being convinced the Assailants always have a great Advantage.

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The Night proving rainy and tempestuous, *Cromwell* took more than ordinary care of himself and his Army. He refresh'd his Men in the Town, and above all things secured his Matchlocks against the Weather; whilst his Enemy neglected theirs. In short, after about an hour's Dispute, the whole numerous Army of the *Scots* was totally routed. Two Regiments stood their Ground; and were almost all kill'd in their Ranks: 15000 Arms, all the Artillery and Ammunition, with above 200 Colours were taken; and all with the Loss of scarce 300 *English*. The two *Lesleys* escaped to *Edinburgh*; which, upon the news of this Defeat, was immediately quitted by its Garrison, and *Leith* likewise resolved to admit the Conqueror. The General himself drew up a Narrative of this memorable Victory, and sent it to the *Council of State*, who order'd it to be read in all the Churches in *London* with solemn Thanksgiving.

On the *Sunday* after, *Cromwell* enter'd *Edinburgh*; and all the chief Magistrates, together with the Committees of Kirk and State, fled from thence to *Stirling*; where they endeavour'd to secure themselves as well as they could. He now summon'd the Governor of the Castle, Colonel *William Dundass*, to deliver it up to him: Which having no Effect, he undertook the reducing it by Force, and notwithstanding the Governor is said to have done his utmost, to answer the Expectations of those by whom he was intrusted with this important Charge, yet after a Siege of three Months, this, the most considerable stronghold in *Scotland*, thought impregnable by Situation and Art, was deliver'd up on the 24th of *December* to the victorious *Cromwell*. So unexpected a Thing indeed, made some say, that *Cromwell* took it only by Silver Bullets. But what appear'd most strange was, that the *Scotch* Army which lay not very far off during the whole Time, should never attempt the Relief of this most important Place.

On the first of *January* the King was crown'd at *Scone* by the *Marquis of Argyle*; and his Majesty set up his Standard at *Aberdeen*, to which great Numbers flock'd from all Parts, of Volunteers, and honorary Soldiers.

Cromwell observing these Proceedings, was very little concern'd at them. However, to make sure Work, he endeavour'd to possess himself of all those Garrisons of the *Scotch*, which were on the South-side of the *Frith*; but being seiz'd with a violent Fit of Sickness, he was not able to stir abroad before the 24th of *June* following, when he march'd with his Army to *Lithgow*; where from the Battlements of the Castle, they could discern the Tents of the *Scotch* Army which lay encamp'd at *Torwood* near *Stirling*. But they refused to engage; and the General could not attack them without the greatest Hazard. This so provok'd him, that he resolved to fall upon Part of the Forces that defended *Calendar-House*, which he took possession of, after a brave Resistance of about eight hours; having slain the Governor with sixty two of his Men: The *Scotch* Army looking on the while, without sending a Man to the Relief of their Friends.

The General finding that he could by no means provoke the *Scotch* to a Battle, resolved to bid fair for *Fife*, that thereby he might cut off those Supplies from them, which enabled them to prolong the War: Pursuant to this Resolution he detach'd 1600 Men under Colonel *Overton*, who march'd towards *Edinburgh* to a Place provided with Boats, and passing the *Frith*, posted himself in the County of *Fife*. *Lambert* immediately follow'd *Overton* with a more numerous Body; at the same time *Cromwell* with the rest of his Army advanced towards his Majesty's Intrenchments, as if he design'd to attack them, in order to prevent any Opposition to the landing his Forces. The King no sooner had Intelligence that the *English* were in *Fife*, than he dispatch'd Major-General *Brown* with 4000 Men to engage them. *Brown* was routed, and thereupon *Cromwell* was left at liberty to transport his whole Army into *Fife*. For the News of the Defeat in *Fife* being brought to the King, who still lay encamp'd at *Torwood*, occasion'd so great a Consternation in his Army, that he decamp'd and march'd into *Stirling* Park. The General follow'd them within two Miles of *Stirling*, but finding he could not bring them to an Engagement; on the 22d of *July*, he march'd away his Army to *Lithgow*, from whence

whence he cauſed the greateſt Part of his Army to be tranſported over into *Fife*; and he himſelf retir'd to *Leith* to provide for the Supply of his Soldiers; which having done, he croſs'd the *Frith* to his Army, and on the 30th of *July*, march'd away towards *St-Johns'-Town*; and took it in a Day's time.

Theſe wonderful Succeſſes which attended the *Engliſh* Arms, threw the King's Affairs in *Scotland* into great Perplexity and Diſtreſs, but having the Start of *Cromwell*, he was reſolved with all Expedition to march into *England*. The Marquis of *Argyle* was the only one that oppoſed it; but not prevailing, the Marquis retired to his Houſe in the Highlands; and the King came on; and on the ſixth of *Auguſt* enter'd *England*, by the way of *Carliſle*: And on the 23d he came to *Worceſter*; where he met with an honourable Reception from the Magiſtrates, and was ſolemnly proclaim'd.

The News of the King's march exceedingly ſurpris'd *Cromwell*; and as he did not doubt the Parliament would be alarm'd to hear of it, he ſpeedily acquainted them with it, and that he was reſolved cloſely to purſue him. He likewiſe adviſed them to put all the Militia of the Kingdom in Arms with the utmoſt Diligence, to deter the Royaliſts from reinforcing the Army. He himſelf gave the ſame Orders in the Northern Countries, and having left Major-General *Monk* in *Scotland* with 5000 Men, he purſued the King with all Expedition. And on the third of *September* the ſame Day twelve-month, that the *Scotch* had ſuch a Defeat given them at *Dunbar*, both Armies engaged; and the Battle continued for three or four hours with great Fierceneſs, and various Succeſs; till at laſt the *Scotch* Horſe, ſeeing the Enemy break into the Town, fled, and left the Foot to the Mercy of the *Engliſh*: So that almoſt all the Infantry was ſlain or taken. The ſlain in this Battle were reckon'd about 4000; and the Priſoners taken in the Fight, and in the Purſuit, amounted to above 10000. The chief of the Priſoners were Duke *Hamilton* (Brother to the late Duke) who died ſoon after of his Wounds; the Earl of *Derby*, who, not long after, was ſentenced to Death, and loſt his Head at *Bolton*, the

Earls *Lauderdale*, *Carnwarth*, *Rothes*, *Kelly*, &c. The King escap'd, and travell'd that Night as far as his Strength would permit; when dismissing his Attendants he committed himself to the care of a trusty Guide; by whom he was conducted through by-roads, in the Habit of a Peasant. In these melancholy Circumstances, he spent one intire Day in a Tree; which grew (says Lord *Clarendon*) in the thickest Part of a Wood that was narrowly search'd. The Wood lay either in, or on the Borders of *Staffordshire*, and thus having wander'd near two Months in Disguise about *England*, he at last found Means to embark, and landed safely at *Diepe* in *France*.

Cromwell stay'd no longer at *Worcester* than to see the Walls levell'd with the Ground, and the Dikes fill'd with Earth. This done, he march'd up in a triumphant manner to *London*, driving four or five thousand Prisoners like Sheep before him: A Majority of the Parliament with the Speaker at the Head, attended by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of *London* met him at *Acton*. And after a small Repose, on the 16th of *September* he took his Place in Parliament, who congratulated him upon his great Atchievements, and settled four thousand Pound *per Annum* on him, out of the Estates of the Duke of *Buckingham*, and the Marquis of *Worcester*, besides two thousand five hundred Pound *per Annum* formerly granted.

His Glory and Interest were now so greatly increased, that being Master likewise of the Armies of three Kingdoms, he could in effect command the Resolutions of Parliament, no Man daring openly to oppose him. Besides, he had in the House so great a Number of Creatures, that he might easily procure whatever he desired; so that it may truly be said, he was the Head of the Republic, tho' he only had the Title of General.

He now desired a Meeting with several Members of Parliament and the Officers of the Army, to consider of settling the Government of the Nation. The Soldiers were for a pure Republic, the Lawyers for a mix'd Monarchy, and many for the Duke of *Gloucester* to be King; but *Cromwell* generally put off that Debate to some other Point; And many think, that having now begun to entertain

tertain thoughts of ſetting up for himſelf, his Deſign in this Conference was only to diſcover the Inclinations of theſe Perſons, that he might make a proper uſe thereof in proſecuting the ends of his own Ambition. But it may not be improper to inſert here, his ſaying to Mr. *Bellievre*, L'on ne montoit jamais ſi haut, que quand on ne ſçait ou l'on va. i. e. *A Man never riſes ſo high as when he knows not whither he is going.*

In 1652, his Commiſſion of Lieutenant of *Ireland* expiring, he is made General of the Forces there; and Lieutenant-General *Fleetwood* is appointed Commander in Chief under the Lord-General *Cromwell.*

The General and his Officers began now to make heavy Complaints againſt the Parliament, and ſeveral Petitions, Addreſſes and Remonſtrances were daily preſented from the Army for the Payment of their Arrears; the putting an end to the Parliament and ſummoning a more equal Repreſentative. Some of the Officers indeed were much concern'd at theſe Proceedings, and openly proteſted againſt them, particularly Major *Streaton* was ſo bold as to declare, that the General *intended to ſet up himſelf*; *and that it was betraying the moſt glorious Cauſe for which ſo much Blood had been ſpilt*; but *Harriſon*, who was one of the Leaders of that Party, now known by the Name of *Fifth-Monarchy Men*, told him, *he was aſſur'd* the General *did not ſeek himſelf in it, but did it to make way for the Rule of* Jeſus, *that he might have the Sceptre:* To whom the Major reply'd, *that unleſs he came very ſuddenly he wou'd come too late.*

About this time *Cromwell* in a private Conference with *Whitelock*, put this ſhort Queſtion to him; *What if a Man ſhou'd take upon him to be King? Whitelock* ſaid, *he thought That Remedy worſe than the Diſeaſe. And I apprehend*, ſaid he, *there would be leſs Envy, and Danger and Pomp, but not leſs Power, and real Opportunities of doing Good in your being* General, *than if you ſhou'd aſſume the Title of* King, *&c.* He us'd likewiſe ſeveral Arguments to diſſuade him from any ſuch Purpoſe: Whereupon *Cromwell* left him with great Diſpleaſure in his Countenance; and not long after found occaſion, by an honourable Employment, to ſend

Whitelock

Whitelock out of the way, that he might be no Hindrance to him in the Designs he was carrying on.

Cromwell now discover'd that the Continuation of the *Dutch* War at Sea was prosecuted by his Enemies, that the Expence might render it necessary to disband the Land-Army now become useless. He was also privately inform'd of a Conspiracy against him, in which not only several Presbyterians and Royalists were concern'd, but even some considerable Members of the Independent Party, who dreaded that his Power already excessive wou'd still farther increase to the Prejudice of the Republic. Affairs therefore were so situated, that either the House must be subdued or himself destroyed; but to determine herein required no long time in an ambitious Spirit: He immediately therefore resolv'd to hazard every thing to become Master of the Parliament, rather than be made *their* Vassal, who were properly indebted to him for all their Authority.

Accordingly he and his Officers continue their Complaints against the Parliament; and on the 20th of *April*, 1653, the General finding they were not inclin'd to dissolve themselves, took with him a Party of Soldiers, about 300, and placing them in the Lobby and on the Stairs, he went into the House, and addressing himself to his Friend *St-John* told him, *That he then came to do what griev'd him to the very Soul, and what he had earnestly with Tears pray'd to God against*; *nay that he had rather be torn to pieces than do it, but that there was a Necessity laid upon him therein in order to the Glory of God and the Good of the Nation.* Then he sat him down and heard for some time their Debates; and then stepping into the midst of the House, he said, *Come, come, I will put an end to your Prating.* Then walking up and down the House, he cry'd out, *You are no Parliament, You are no Parliament*, and stamping with his Foot, he bade them *for shame be gone and give place to honester Men.* Upon this Signal the Soldiers enter'd the House, and he bade one of them take away that Bauble, meaning the Mace: And *Harrison* taking the Speaker by the Arm, led him down from the Chair. *Cromwell* then seizing on all their Papers, or-

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der'd the Soldiers to ſee the Houſe clear'd of all the Members; and as they paſſed by him he ſpared not to upbraid any whom he knew to be Enemies of Fornication, Drunkenneſs, Corruption, *&c.* and tho' many, (ſays *Whitelock*) wore Swords, and would talk big, not a Man offer'd to draw againſt *Cromwell*, but every one tamely departed the Houſe. When having caus'd the Doors to be lock'd up he went away to *Whitehall*; and the ſame Day in the Afternoon, attended by *Lambert* and *Harriſon*, he went and broke up the *Council of State*.

And thus having diſſolv'd that Aſſembly which had ſat almoſt thirteen Years, and under whoſe Name he had wrought ſo much Miſchief, and reduced three Kingdoms to his own intire Obedience and Subjection; without any Example or Precedent in the Chriſtian World, that could raiſe his Ambition to ſuch a preſumptuous Undertaking; and without any rational Dependence upon the Friendſhip of one Man, who had any other Intereſt to advance his Deſigns but what he had given him by preferring him in the War; he might now have aſſumed the Reins of Government by Force as he had diſmiſs'd the Parliament, but he did not deſign to uſurp the ſovereign Authority in ſuch a notorious Manner. His Intent was that it ſhould be given him by Parliament in order to dazzle the Eyes of the Publick.

He firſt therefore on *April* 22, 1653, publiſh'd a Declaration by way of Apology for this bold Undertaking; which Declaration was ſign'd by himſelf and his Council of Officers, who with ſome others, in all thirty Perſons, were ſoon after form'd into a new *Council of State*. This Declaration being ſent out into all the Dominions of the Commonwealth, was anſwer'd by many Congratulations and Addreſſes, from the Fleet, the Army, and the People. (And this by the way gave riſe to the practice of addreſſing, ſo frequent in our Days.) And on *April* the 30th, he ſent out another Declaration which met with equal Submiſſion and Obedience.

And then on *June* the 8th, he and his Council, ſummon'd ſelect Perſons nominated by themſelves, out of every County, to be the Repreſentatives of the whole Nation

Nation in Parliament. They were almost all, says *Rapin*, of mean Extraction, illiterate, of no particular Merit, unexperienc'd in Business, and in a word utterly incapable of an Employ of such Importance. The Summons ran as follows:

I *Oliver Cromwell*, Captain-General and Commander in Chief of all the Armies and Forces, raised, or to be raised, within this Commonwealth, *do hereby summon and require you (being one of the Persons nominated) personally to appear at the Council-Chamber at* Whitehall *upon* July 4, *next ensuing the Date hereof, then and there to take upon you the Trust unto which you are hereby called and appointed to serve as a Member for the County of* ——, *and hereof you are not to fail.*

O. Cromwell.

Accordingly these new Sovereigns appear'd on the appointed Day *July* 4, in the Council-Chamber, to the Number of about 120. When *Cromwell* by an Instrument constituted them *The Supreme Authority*. They chose Mr. *Rous* an old Gentleman of *Devonshire*, a Member of the Long-Parliament, and Provost of *Eton*, to be their Speaker; resolv'd that General *Cromwell*, and his chief Officers, *Lambert*, *Harrison*, *Desborough*, and *Thomlinson*, shou'd sit in the House as Members; and at once voted themselves to be *The Parliament of the Commonwealth of* England; and that all Addresses shou'd be made to them under that Title. One *Praise-God Barebones*, a Leatherseller in *Fleetstreet*, was a very busy Man in this Assembly, whence it had the Name of *Barebone's* Parliament, but more generally it was call'd *The Godly Parliament*. But the General found that the Proceedings of this Parliament, tho' all of his own choosing, were so uncommon and unaccountable in many Particulars, that no one cou'd judge of their Designs, or where they wou'd end. He therefore resolv'd to put a Period to their Power; and Measures having been concerted with Mr. *Rous* and some of the General's select Friends in the House, on the 12th of *December* in the Morning, the Members who were in

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the Secret being met a little earlier than uſual, it was mov'd in the Houſe, that *all who were for a Diſſolution ſhou'd riſe and walk out.* Accordingly the Speaker, and as many as wou'd follow him, went with the Mace to *Whitehall*, and by a Writing under their Hands reſign'd up their Powers to the General. Above twenty of the Members, whereof *Harriſon* was one, continu'd in the Houſe, plac'd Mr. *Moyer* in the Chair, and fell to proteſting againſt what the reſt had done, but a Party of Soldiers was ſent to turn them out; and ſo a Period was put to this Aſſembly after a Seſſion of five Months and eight Days; in which time they did nothing remarkable, (nor indeed were they call'd for ſuch Purpoſe,) but the paſſing an Act for *Marriages*, ordering, *The Banes to be publiſh'd in the next Market three ſeveral Days, and the Ceremony to be perform'd by a Juſtice of the Peace.*

By this Reſignation the politic *Cromwell* with his Council of Officers was once more poſſeſs'd of the *Supreme Power*; whereupon he thought fit to adviſe with them, and with other Perſons of Intereſt in the Nation, how this great Burden of governing three Kingdoms, with the Armies therein, and the Navy at Sea, ſhou'd be borne, and by whom. Theſe ſoon reſolv'd that a Council of godly, able and diſcreet Perſons ſhou'd be nam'd; and that the Lord General ſhou'd be choſen *Lord Protector* of the three Nations. Upon this a large Inſtrument was drawn up, intitl'd, *The Government of the Commonwealth of* England, Scotland *and* Ireland, commonly call'd, *The Inſtrument of Government.* And all Things being prepar'd on the 16th of *December* in the Chancery-Court, he was inſtall'd *Protector of the Commonwealth of* England, Scotland *and* Ireland; and then he was conducted to *Whitehall*, *Lambert* carrying the Sword of State before him: and preſently after he was proclaimed throughout the three Kingdoms.

Upon this new Advancement we are told, that *Cromwell* obſerv'd new and great State, and all Ceremonies and Reſpects were paid to him by all ſorts of Men as to their Prince. And it muſt be own'd he made the greateſt Figure in *Europe* in his Time; and receiv'd greater marks

of Respect and Esteem from the Kings and Princes in Christendom, than had ever been shewn to any preceding Monarch of these Nations; which was the more wonderful in that they all hated him, when they trembled at his Power and courted his Friendship. While at home, that he might the better manage the several Factions he stood more in awe of, he made choice of the most active and leading Men into his Council, by whose Influence he had the guiding of all the rest of each Party. And to keep the other two Nations in Order and Obedience, he sent General *Monk* into *Scotland*, and *Fleetwood*, who had married *Ireton's* Widow, into *Ireland* as his Lieutenant.

April 12th 1654, he makes a Union of the three Nations. For the compleating and perfecting of which Union, he now ordain'd that all the People of *Scotland* shou'd be incorporated into one Commonwealth with *England*; and in every Parliament to be held successively for the said Commonwealth, thirty Persons shou'd be call'd from and serve for *Scotland*, and Thirty from *Ireland*, to serve in the Parliament at *Westminster*.

About this time Colonel *John Gerrard* was beheaded on *Tower-Hill*, and one Mr. *Vowell* hang'd at *Charing-Cross*, for a Conspiracy to murder the Protector in his way to *Hampton-Court*. And at the same time was beheaded on *Tower-Hill*, for a Riot and Murder, *Don Pantalion Sa*, tho' he was Brother to the *Portuguese* Ambassador then at *London*, a Knight of *Malta*, and a Person eminent in many great Actions.

The Protector knowing that, tho' he had obtain'd the Government, it was not confirm'd to him by the People, resolv'd in pursuance of the *Instrument of Government* to summon a Parliament to meet at *Westminster* on *September* 3. And accordingly, tho' it happen'd to be on *Sunday*, the Members, in number four-hundred *English*, thirty *Scotch*, and thirty *Irish*, after hearing a Sermon at *Westminster*-Abbey attended his Highness in the Painted-Chamber, where he made a Speech to them. After which they went to the House and adjourn'd to the next Day.

By the said *Instrument* for electing Members, *&c.* the little insignificant Boroughs were omitted, and the number

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of Knights increaſed from four to twelve according to the extent of the County. This (Lord *Clarendon* obſerves) was generally look'd upon as an Alteration fit to be more warrantably made and in better Time. Upon the Protector's own Recommendation *Lenthal*, Speaker of the Long Parliament, was choſen to that Poſt. But his Highneſs not approving their Proceedings, for the firſt thing propoſed was, *to examine the Authority by which they were aſſembled*; he therefore on the 12th of *September* early in the Morning, caus'd a Guard to be plac'd at the Door of the Houſe, and appointed the following Teſt or Recognition to be ſign'd by them before they went any more into the Houſe:

I A. B. *do hereby freely promiſe and engage myſelf to be true and faithful to the* Lord Protector and the Commonwealth of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*; *and ſhall not propoſe or give any Conſent to alter the Government, as it is ſettled in one ſingle Perſon and a Parliament.*

Such Members as refus'd to ſubſcribe this Engagement were not only excluded but ſome of them taken into Cuſtody, and particularly Major General *Harriſon* the Protector's late great Favourite; nor did the reſt anſwer his Deſire and Expectation, ſo that he grew very uneaſy.

And on *January* the 22d, (eleven Days before the time fixed for their continuance by *the Inſtrument of Government*) they were required to attend him in the Painted-Chamber where he diſſolv'd them with a very tedious and intricate Speech; in which he told them that he was no ſtranger to their Projects, and that ſeveral were engaged in a Conſpiracy againſt him.

His parting with this his ſecond Parliament, notwithſtanding they had voted him and his Succeſſors a Revenue of 200000 *l. per Annum*, in great diſpleaſure, increas'd the Indignation of the Republicans, and gave great Encouragement to the Royaliſts to purſue their Schemes. But to ſecure himſelf and prevent an univerſal Odium, he paid his Army and Fleet well, and diſcharg'd all Officers whoſe Fidelity he ſuſpected; carry'd it fair to the City of *London*;

excus'd the common People of some customary Burdens and some part of their Taxes; and us'd an indefatigable Diligence and unbounded Expence in procuring Intelligence and crushing all Designs against him. So that tho' his Mother, who dy'd this Year, was in continual fear for him; and when she heard any Gun go off, wou'd cry out, *Her Son was shot*; and cou'd not be easy without seeing him once or twice a Day; and tho' a thousand of his Enemies did really believe that *killing wou'd be no Murder*, yet he had the good Fortune to escape all Dangers.

Several Risings were made for the King but were soon suppress'd. And Colonel *Penruddock* and Captain *Groves* were beheaded at *Exeter*; others were sent to *Salisbury* and there try'd and executed; and many were transported to the *West-Indies*. He likewise committed to Prison many of those whom he suspected; as the Earl of *Oxford*, the Lords *Willoughby* of *Parham*, *Newport*, and *Compton*; and several others. He had also a very watchful Eye over the Republicans and *Fifth-Monarchy* Men; and gave *Monk* Orders to seize Major-General *Overton*, Major *Bramston*, *Holmes*, and other Officers: And even Cornet *Joyce*, now *Colonel*, was cashier'd. And finally, to provide for all Inconveniencies as well amongst the People as in the Army, he divided *England*, as 'twere, into so many *Cantons*. Over each of which he plac'd one, call'd by the Name of *Major-General*, from whose Acts there was no Appeal but to the Protector himself.

But we are told these *Major-Generals*, whose Names were *Kelsey*, *Goffe*, *Desborough*, *Fleetwood*, *Skippon*, *Whaley*, *Butler*, *Berry*, *Worsely*, *Lambert*, and *Berkstead*, who was also Lieutenant of the *Tower*, became true Tyrants, and so oppressed the People that *Cromwell* at last was forced to reduce their Power within much narrower Bounds.

The King being thus disappointed in the several Projects for his Restoration returned to *Cologn*; where it was discover'd that one of his Domesticks, named *Manning*, lately come from *England*, carried on a secret Correspondence with *Thurloe*, *Cromwell's* Secretary, and inform'd him of the Transactions of the King's Court; for which he was apprehended and shot to Death.

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In the year 1655, one *Cony* a *Londoner* refused to pay Taxes: And being sent for to the *Protector*, he boldly declar'd, *That all who submitted to pay illegal Taxes were greater Enemies to their Country, than they who imposed them*, and *that the Tyranny of Princes could never be grievous, but by the Tameness and Stupidity of the People.* When the *Protector* found he could not bring him over, he told him, *that he had a Will as stubborn as his, and he would try which of them two should be Master:* And thereupon committed him to Prison. As soon as the Term came on, the Prisoner brought his *Habeas Corpus* in the King's-Bench, *Maynard*, *Twisden* and *Windham* being Counsel for him, demanded his Liberty, both upon the Illegality of the Commitment and of the Imposition. The Judges could not defend either, and it appear'd plainly what their Sentence would be, so that the Protector's Attorney requir'd a farther Day to answer what had been urged. But in the mean while *Cromwell* sent for the Judges, and severely reprimanded them, and when they alledg'd the Law and *Magna Charta*, he told them, their *Magna f—ta* should not control his Actions, which he knew were for the Safety of the Commons, and ask'd them, *who made them Judges?* And *whether they had any Authority to sit there, but what he gave them?* And therefore he advised them *to be more tender of that which only could preserve them*, and sent them away with this Caution, that *they should not suffer the Lawyers to prate, what it would not become them to hear.*

But tho' the Protector proceeded in this arbitrary manner, against those who contested his Authority, yet in all other Cases, where the Life of his Jurisdiction was not concern'd, he seem'd to have a great Reverence for the Law and the Constitution, rarely interposing between Party and Party. And to do him Justice, there appear'd in his Government many things that were truly great and praise-worthy: And particularly his great regard for the Advancement of Learning. The University of *Oxford* acknowledg'd his Highness's Respect to them, in bestowing on their public Library twenty four *Greek* MSS, and munificently

munificently allowing 100 *l. per Annum* to a Divinity Reader. He also order'd a Scheme to be drawn, for founding and endowing a College at *Durham*, for the Convenience of the Northern Students.

Being some time in Suspence, whether to join with *France* or *Spain*, he at last inclines to the former; and sets out a Fleet for *Hispaniola*, which miscarrying there, to make some amends, they made a Descent on the Island of *Jamaica*, and obtain'd an easy possession of it, which Island has ever since remain'd in the Hands of the *English*.

The *Spanish* War was soon follow'd by a Peace with *France*, proclaim'd at *London*, *October* 23, 1755. And it is very remarkable (says Dr. *Wellwood*) that in this Treaty *Cromwell* would not allow the *French* King, to call himself *King of France*, but *of the French*; when he himself assumed the Title of *Protector of England and France*. And what is more, *Cromwell*'s Name was set before the *French* King's. But *Ludlow* observes, this Confederacy was dearly purchased on the Part of *England*, for by it the Balance of the two Crowns of *France* and *Spain* was destroy'd, and a Foundation laid for the future Greatness of the *French*, to the unspeakable Prejudice of all *Europe* in general, and of the *English* Nation in particular; whose Interest it hath hitherto been accounted to maintain that Equality as near as might be.

Yet the Protector hearing that the Duke of *Savoy* had raised a new Persecution of the *Vaudois*, he wrote to him himself, tho' he had otherwise no concern with him; and order'd him to restore all he had unjustly taken from his Protestant Subjects, and renew all their former Privileges. which was accordingly done. And other the like Instances the Protector gave, of his Favour and Redress o the Protestants abroad.

About this time he prevail'd upon Sir *Richard Willis* Chancellor *Hyde*'s chief Confident to become his Spy whereby Bishop *Burnet* tells us, *Cromwell* knew every thing that pass'd in the King's little Court; and he had got the whole Party as it were in a Net.

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The Protector now call'd a new Parliament, which met *Westminster*, *September* the 17th, but a Guard being aced before the House, none were suffer'd to enter, but ch as had Certificates given them in this Form:

THESE are to certify, that A. B. *is return'd by Indenture one of the Members to serve in this present Parament, and approved by his Highness's Council.*

And by this means, near 100 Members were excluded.

The sitting Members chose Sir *Thomas Widdrington* for heir Speaker; and pass'd several Bills: Amongst which were, *An Act for renouncing and disannulling the pretended Title of* Charles Stuart, *An Act for the Security of his* Highness the Lord Protector's Person; *An Act for preenting the Multiplicity of Buildings in and about the* suburbs *of* London, &c. And upon a Motion made by Mr. *Claypole*, Son-in-law to the Protector, they abolish'd the Power of the *Major-Generals*.

About this time, *Miles Syndercomb* a *Leveller*, combin'd with one *Cecil*, and one *Troop* belonging to his Highness's Life-guard, to assassinate the Protector at *Brentford*, in his way to *Hampton-Court*, but they were discover'd, and a publick Thanksgiving was appointed for the *Protector's* Deliverance.

Syndercomb was try'd at the Upper-bench-bar. When the Court declared, "That by the Common Law to "compass, or imagine the Death of the chief Magi-"strate, by what Name soever he was call'd, whether "Lord Protector, or otherwise, is High-treason, and that "the Statute, 25 *Edward* III. was only declaratory of "the Common Law." Hereupon he was condemn'd, but was found dead in Prison the Day on which he was to have been executed.

The Protector on a sudden became more popular than ever. He seem'd to caress all Parties alike. The Presbyterians were told, *That* he *was not far from their Sentiments*. The Nobility met with great Respect from him; and he appear'd less incensed against the Cavaliers, and even own'd, *That he thought there was much good in the Order*

Order of Bishops, if the Dross was scoured off. And being seconded herein by his Friends and Creatures to dispose Men in his Favour, Mr. *Pack* a City Alderman and Member of Parliament, at last proposed in direct Terms, *That the* Protector *might be invested with the Title of* King. And this Motion, tho' strenuously opposed by Lieutenant General *Fleetwood*, *Lambert* and others, was yet carry'd and the Name voted, with the filling up the two Blanks left for the two Houses, with the Words, *House of Commons, and other House.*

This done, on the fourth of *April* 1657, they presented a Writing to the Protector, stiled, *The humble Petition and Advice of the Parliament of* England, Scotland *and* Ireland, *to his Highness*; and the Speaker at the same time made a Speech to him, recommending the Title " and *Office of a King*, as settled here with Chri-" stianity itself, approv'd and retain'd by our Ancestors, " and every way fitted to the Laws and Temper of the " People of *England.*"

But the Protector, however inclinable to accept this Offer, yet finding it against the Bent and Humour of the Army, and that his Son-in-law, *Fleetwood*, and his Brother-in-law, *Desborough*, were particularly averse to it, instead of a ready Assent, thought fit to demur upon it, saying, *He wonder'd how any such thing came into their Minds; that it was neither fit for them to offer, nor him to receive; that he was sure they could discover no such Ambition in him, and that his Conscience would not give him leave ever to consent to own that Title.* However, he desir'd that a Committee might be appointed to confer with him, and offer him better Knowledge and Satisfaction in this great Cause.

A Committee was accordingly appointed, which met him in the Painted-Chamber on *April* the 11th: *Whitelock* was in the Chair, who with others, for two Days successively endeavour'd to persuade him to accept the Title of *King:* And Dr. *Wellwood* says, a Crown was actually made and brought to *Whitehall.* But the Protector would not give a present Answer, acquainting the Committee, *That he would consider of all they had said, and seek to*

God

God for Counsel, and then he would send for them, and declare his Resolution. When finding he could not prevail on the Army, who had petition'd the House against the Title, on the eighth of *May* he return'd this Answer; *I cannot undertake this Government* with the Title of King. The Parliament thereupon voted, that he should enjoy the Title and Authority of *Protector*, with more Power than was annex'd to it by the *Council of Officers*. This was done by the aforesaid Instrument, call'd, *The humble Petition and Advice*. Which Instrument being digested, and agreed upon by the House, on the 25th of *May* it was presented at the Banqueting-House to the Protector, who, after a long Pause, and with all the Gestures of Concern and Perplexity, pass'd it, and the Members return'd again to their House.

On the 26th he was inaugurated in a most solemn and pompous Manner at *Westminster-Hall*, being vested in a Robe of Purple Velvet lined with Ermines; and having a Scepter of massy Gold in his Hand. The Earl of *Warwick* (the only Nobleman, says *Ludlow*, that was present at this Solemnity) holding the Sword of State on the right, and the Lord Mayor the City Sword on the left Side of his Chair; and by him on the right hand sat the *French* Ambassador, and on the left the Ambassador of the United Provinces: Near him stood his Son *Richard*, *Fleetwood*, *Claypole* his Master of the Horse, the Council and others of State. The Ceremonies being ended, he went in State to *Westminster*-Hall-Gate, where he took Coach, and went to the House, and passed some Bills.

The Protector now in the Height of his Grandeur and Power, met with a very great Loss in the Death of his valiant and victorious Admiral *Blake*, who died of a Fever in the 59th Year of his Age, just as the Fleet was entring into *Plimouth*-Sound in her return from destroying the *Spanish* Galleons at *Santa Cruz*, where he passionately enquired for the Land, but found his own Element the more proper Bed of Honour.

The Protector now sent his Writ of Summons under the Great Seal, to divers Persons to sit as Members of the other House, to the Number of about sixty, among

whom, says my Author, were divers Noblemen, Knights, Gentlemen of ancient Families, and some Officers of the Army, tho' *Ludlow* declares, that none of the ancient Nobility, except the Lord *Eure* sat in *the other House*. Nor could the Earl of *Warwick* himself be perswaded to sit with Colonel *Hewson*, and Colonel *Pride*, whereof the one had been a Shoe-maker, and the other a Dray-man.

However on *January* 20, 1657-8. Both Houses met, and as by the third Article of *The humble Petition and Advice*, it was said the Members legally chosen should not be excluded without the Consent of their House, a Motion was made, *To admit all the elected Members who had refused to sign the Engagement*. The Motion was so suddenly received and approved, that *Cromwell* had not time to oppose it, and it was so much the more out of his Power, as it was founded on a solemn Act, which he had sworn to observe. By this means above 100 Members, Republicans and Presbyterians, all Enemies to the Protector, were admitted into the *House of Commons*, among whom particularly were Sir *Harry Vane*, *Haslerig*, and others of great Credit and Interest. And from that time the Face of Affairs began to change: *Cromwell*'s Enemies having gain'd a Superiority in that very House which would have made Him a *King*. As they had form'd great Projects against him, their care was to hinder *the other House*, wholly consisting of his Creatures, from using their pretended Negative to frustrate their Measures. *Cromwell* perceiving their Drift, sent for the Parliament to *Whitehall*, and in a long Speech maintain'd the Authority of the *other House* with such warmth, that the Commons fearing an immediate Dissolution, found it necessary to acknowledge *the other House as an essential Part of the Parliament*. However, Discord still continuing between them, on the fourth of *February* the Protector not staying for one of his own Coaches, took the first that came to hand, and with such Guards as he could get together went to the *other House*, and imparted to *Fleetwood* his Resolution to dissolve the Parliament. *Fleetwood* endeavour'd to dissuade him from it, but he clapp'd his Hand upon his Breast, and swore *by the*

living

living God he would do it: And accordingly he went and dissolved them. He likewise dismiss'd *Lambert* from his Lieutenant-Generalship, but not to disgust him entirely, allow'd him a Pension of 2000 *l. per Annum*. *Fleetwood* succeeded him, and *Henry*, *Oliver*'s younger Son, was sent to *Ireland* in *Fleetwood*'s room. Since *Cromwell* had been confirm'd in the Protectorate, he call'd his eldest Son *Richard* to Court and made him Chancellor of *Oxford*, (who had hitherto lived privately at *Hursly* in *Hampshire* upon his Wife's Fortune, *Dorothy*, eldest Daughter of *Richard Major*, Esquire). Of his Daughters, *Mary* was married to Lord *Falconbridge*, and *Frances* to Mr. *Rich*, Grandson to the Earl of *Warwick*; which two Marriages were celebrated at *Whitehall*, with all imaginable Pomp and Lustre according to the Ceremonies of those Times; but soon afterwards according to the Rites *of the Church of England*; and this with the Privity of *Cromwell*, who pretended to yield to it in Compliance with the Importunity and Folly of his Daughters. *Bridget* was first married to *Ireton*, and upon his Decease to *Fleetwood*. And *Elizabeth* (who, *Rapin* says by Mistake, lived unmarried) was Wife to *Claypole*.

The Protector's chief Support had been the Army, fill'd by himself with *Fanatics* and *Enthusiasts*, who now imagining the time was come to erect a *Fifth Monarchy*, or the Reign of *Jesus Christ* upon Earth, laid a Design to dethrone the Protector, but it was prevented by the Diligence of *Thurloe* his Secretary, who spared no Pains or Money for his Master's Safety. The Conspirators were apprehended and committed to the Gate-house.

A Project was likewise forming among the Cavalier-Party; among whom the chief Managers were *John Mordaunt*, Brother to the Earl of *Peterborough*, Sir *Henry Slingsby*, a rich and popular Man of *Yorkshire*, and Dr. *Hewet*, a Minister of the Church of *England*. But *Cromwell* having been inform'd, that one Mr. *Stapley* had a Commission granted him to raise a Regiment, *&c.* he sent for him, and artfully drew from him a Confession of whatever he knew, particularly of his having received a Commission from Mr. *Mordaunt*, whereupon *Mordaunt*,

Slingsby and *Hewet* were committed to the *Tower*, and many of their Associates were apprehended in all Parts of the Kingdom. After which *Cromwell* erected a *High Court of Justice* for their Trials; *Whitelock* was one of the Commissioners, but never sat with them; he was for trying the Conspirators in the ordinary Course of Common Law; but (says he) "his Highness was too much in love with "the new way, which he thought to be more effectual, "and wou'd the more terrify the Offenders." Mr. *Mordaunt* escaped by means of his Wife, who prevailed with Colonel *Mallory*, one of the two Witnesses against her Husband, to withdraw from his Guard and slip away. But on *June* 8, Sir *H. Slingsby* and Dr. *Hewet* were executed on *Tower*-Hill.

In this Month Marshal *Turenne* the *French* General besieg'd *Dunkirk*, and by the means of *Lockhart* (who had married *Cromwell*'s Niece) and his 6000 *English* Foot, easily made himself Master of the Place. He had a secret Order not to deliver it to the *English*; but *Cromwell* got Information thereof tho' it was known but to four Persons only, and render'd that Order ineffectual, so that on *June* 25, it was surrender'd to the *English* by the *French* King and Cardinal *Mazarine* in Person, pursuant to a Treaty between them and the *Protector*, who made *Lockhart* Governor, and in it placed a strong Garrison.

Cromwell's Fear and Jealousies now grew more observable than ever; which is not strange, since after the Publication of that severe Pamphlet, *Killing no Murder*, he had continual Informations of Designs to assassinate him, even by some of his former most zealous Adherents. He therefore was afraid to lie two Nights together in the same Chamber, nor wou'd ever appear in public without a strong Guard. The Earl of *Warwick* with whom he had a fast Friendship, however unlike they were in their Natures and Humour, was dead. And the Heir of that House, who had married his youngest Daughter, died about the same time; so that all his Relation to or Confidence in that Family was at an end, the other Branches of it abhorring his Alliance. And he plainly discover'd that Lord *Falconbridge* was bent upon an Interest destructive of his, and

therefore

therefore grew to hate him perfectly. But that which chiefly broke his Peace was the Death of his Daughter *Claypole*, (*Aug.* 6.) who in her Sickneſs (brought upon her, as was ſuppoſed, by the only Inſtance of a Denial from her fond Father in her Interceſſion for Dr. *Hewit's* Life) had ſeveral Conferences with him which exceedingly perplex'd him. For tho' no body was near enough to hear Particulars, yet her often mentioning, in the Pains ſhe endured, the Blood her Father had ſpilt, made People conclude that ſhe had preſented his moſt enormous Actions to his Conſideration. Be this as it will, about a Week after her Death, the Protector having been ill ſome time before of a *tertian* Ague, grew conſiderably worſe at *Hampton-Court*, whither he had retired with his Council; and about the end of *Auguſt* his Fits ſtill growing ſtronger, and his Spirits weaker, he was remov'd from *Hampton-Court* to *Whithall*, (tho' *Whitelock* ſays he dy'd at *Hampton-Court*) where, on the third of *September*, his beloved and victorious Day, about three in the Afternoon he expired. On which Day there happened the moſt violent Storm of Wind that had ever been known, which ſome Men fancy to have been preter-natural; who likewiſe believe the Prediction of Colonel *Lindſey* as to the Day of the Protector's Death; which is founded upon the ridiculous Story of his having made a League with the Devil. The Evening before he died he was heard (it is ſaid) to pray devoutly, confeſſing himſelf a miſerable Creature but pleading a Covenant-Intereſt in *Chriſt*. And thus the famous *Oliver Cromwell*, after ſo many great Actions, ſo many Toils and Fatigues, and ſo many Plots and Conſpiracies againſt his Life, at laſt died quietly in his Bed, in the 60th Year of his Age; five Years, four Months, and fourteen Days after the Diſſolution of the Long Parliament; four Years, eight Months, and eighteen Days after he had been declar'd Protector by the *Inſtrument of Government*; and but one Year, three Months and nine Days after his being confirm'd in that Office by *The humble Petition and Advice*.

The Corps was removed *September* 26, privately in the Night from *Whitehall* to *Somerſet-Houſe*, where it lay in State till *November* 23, and then it was carried in a very

solemn and magnificent manner to *Westminster* and deposited (says *Rapin*) in *Henry* the VII's Chapel. The Charges of it (says *Manley*) came to 60000 *l.* The Drapers who serv'd the Funeral were, *Hampden* 5000 *l.* *Wharton*, who afterwards fail'd, 6000 *l.* *Foster*, who likewise fail'd, 1500 *l.* *Hexmour* 1500 *l.* And one Lieutenant *Felton* was Measurer of the Cloth, which my Author says was never paid for. Others say, that notwithstanding all this Pomp, his Body in reality was carried below Bridge and sunk in the *Thames*. And again others affirm that, by his own Order, it was buried somewhere in *Naseby*-Field.

This being design'd only as a Narrative of Facts, we do not pretend to enter upon his Character, only this in short: *He seems to have stuck at nothing in order to gain his Point, which when obtain'd he us'd most nobly.* And this is what I suppose the great Historian means, when he calls him *a brave wicked Man*, or *a noble and glorious Villain.*

OLIVER CROMWELL:

AN

HISTORICAL PLAY.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

OLIVER CROMWELL, *the* Protector.
Richard, Henry, } *his Sons.*
Ireton, *his Son in Law.*
Hugh Peters, *his Chaplain, a Pulpit Buffoon.*
Goodwin, *another of his Chaplains.*
Bradſhaw, *Preſident of the High Court of Juſtice.*
Whitelock, *Commiſſioner of the Great Seal.*
Ludlow, Harriſon, Lambert, Whalley, } *Officers of the Army.*
Butler, Seymour, Herbert, *Sir* Richard Willis, *Sir* Peter Wentworth, } *Cavaliers.*
The Speaker of the Houſe of Commons.
An Apparition.
A Commiſſioner from Scotland.

Mrs. Cromwell.
Mrs. Claypole, *the* Protector's *favourite Daughter.*

Lord Mayor, Judges, Barons, Commiſſioners of the Great Seal, &c. Officers of the Army, Heralds, Soldiers, Gentlemen.

SCENE, *WESTMINSTER.*

OLIVER CROMWELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

BUTLER *and* SEYMOUR *meeting.*

Butler.

MY good Friend *Seymour!* Welcome to *England.* How fare our Friends on the other ſide the Water?

Sey. Well, Mr. *Butler*, as to Health and Reputation; but moſt of them low in Pocket. Remittances are ſlow in coming, and ſcarce indeed to be expected, when their Friends at home labour under ſuch Oppreſſion.——But how go the King's Affairs?

But. Oh, moſt deplorably. *Cromwell*, *Ireton*, and the reſt of that Independent Crew have ſet up a High Court of Juſtice, as they call it, to try the Fountain of all Juſtice, the King himſelf; where he is to be impeach'd by a Charge, and other odious Formalities, for Murder, Tyranny, Rapine, and other groſs Enormities, which the good King wou'd abhor the Thoughts of, and much more to ſtain his Soul with the Guilt of Action.

Sey.

Sey. Try him, say you? How can that be? That's without all Precedent or Example.

But. Very true. But these Fellows are Originals, and can make Precedents.

Sey. Give me Patience! Try the King! Oh, I am mad, and almost ready to question thy cruel, cruel Justice, angry Heaven!

But. Heaven has no Hand in it, 'tis the Work of Hell!
All dark and black; tho' the continual Cant
Of poor deluded Mortals, or of such
As are suborn'd to cover their vile Pranks
With specious Shew of Revelation,
Still runs,—*The Lard's well pleas'd with their Proceedings.*

Sey. When Man once parts with Innocence and Grace,
What Monster under Heaven's high Arch is like him?
The Checks of Conscience, or the Voice of Heav'n,
He feels, he hears no more; the foulest Sin,
Treason or Murder, stops not his Career;
Insensibly he strides o'er every Bar,
And dares, without Remorse, th' impending Bolt.

But. I'm shock'd at such Impiety!
And stand astonish'd at the stay of Vengeance;
The dilatory Thunder is so long in falling,
As almost staggers me in my Belief.
But Heav'n's Decrees are dark and intricate,
And far beyond frail Man's Conception.

Sey. Oh how the Times are chang'd, since first I knew
This bramble *Cromwell* at his Country Farm!
A lewd, licentious Bankrupt, rustic Renter,
In coarse Attire; Companion for the Vilest:
Himself superlative to all the Pack.
Most apt in Tricks and cunning Circumventions,
His Play was to impose on all his Fellows;
Which made his Dealings and Diversions hateful.

But when he found his ſubtle Cheats diſcover'd,
And he himſelf, deteſted like a Plague,
He chang'd his Diſſoluteneſs to Hypocriſy;
Became a Zealot, and outdid the Devil
In his own Element, Diſſimulation.

But. He is not chang'd; but was in miniature
The ſelf-ſame Villain that we find him now:
And like himſelf, are his Companions, baſe;
Men of no Principles, but mock Morality,
Of ſhallow Intellects, and deſperate Fortunes;
Unletter'd, raſh, and fit for any Purpoſe
That their vile Chief thinks proper to impoſe.
Yet theſe pretend a Purity of Soul
Surpaſſing that of any other Mortals;
And talk as freely of the Realms above,
As if thoſe Regions were their own Demeſnes;
Boaſt of new Light and Grace, and Revelation;
And preach, and pray, and fancy they're inſpir'd:
Wreſt holy Truths to ignorant Expoſition,
And torture Texts, for mercenary Ends!
Theſe they call Gifts; and ſay, they came from Heaven,
To them, th' Elect, to weed the ſinful World;
To bolt the Bran, and purify Mankind.

Sey. Curſed Hypocriſy! yet ſurely *Cromwell*,
However loaded with his numerous Vices,
Muſt be a Man of more than common Parts,
Surpriſing Policy, and great Addreſs;
To keep ſuch jarring Multitudes in Order.

But. To ſpeak impartially, I muſt confeſs
I've often ſtood aſtoniſh'd at his Conduct.
And had he labour'd in a better Cauſe,
The greateſt Hero in the *Britiſh* Story
Had been eclips'd by his ſuperior Name:
For who can ſay he ever went to Battle,

When

When he, like *Cæsar*, brought not Victory home?
But whether this is owing to his Fortune,
His Magnanimity, or League with Hell,
A Thing much talk'd of in the Nation now,
I'm not Philosopher enough to know.

Sey. That League we may suppose a kindred Scheme
With *Numa's* Goddess; or with *Mahomet's* Dove:
Another master-piece of his Deceit;
To conquer Consciences, as well as Men.
For stubborn Minds, no otherwise subdu'd,
Will melt, like heated Wax, at something marvellous:
A League with Hell!
Enough to drive the stoutest to despair:
For who can ever hope to overcome,
When his Contention is against the Devil?

But. If such Delusion ever was design'd,
'Tis still, by him, and all his Friends, disclaim'd;
Who represent it as a senseless Notion,
Invented by his Foes, to make him odious:
To make Account for his surprising Acts;
Their own Miscarriages, and want of Conduct.

Sey. But the Report so general is grown,
There must be something in it more than Rumour.

But. I believe not.——Tho' I have heard it said,
It were impossible for him to do
What he has done, without the Devil's Help:
But when we weigh the Greatness of his Soul,
Unshaken Constancy, and active Valour;
His Resolution,—never to be conquer'd;
And Circumspection, not to be deceiv'd;
We may allow his Actions to be possible,
Without the aid of supernatural Means.

Sey. Curse his industrious, impious Assiduity!
Wakeful Revenge, and solid Constitution!

The marble-hearted Villain has a Frame,
That fears no Pains on Earth, nor Pangs in Hell.
But. A Life of so much Hurry and Destruction
Is rather to be shunn'd, than be desir'd.
Unenvy'd let him roll in Guilt and Blood;
A Stain to *England*, and the Christian Name,
Till slumb'ring Justice finds the Tyrant out.
But let's retire——He's here; and with him comes
That other Villain, *Ireton*, his Son;
In Vice, and Policy most mischievous
His Equal, but in Virtues far beneath him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cromwell *and* Ireton.

Crom. This Day is big, my Son, with great Events,
And holds the Scale of *Charles's* certain Fate;
For die——he must.
There's now no Medium, for a Compromise,
To let him live, and be myself in Safety.
He'll still be striving to resume his Royalty,
And blast our Measures for a Commonwealth.
But, as this Trial wants a Precedent,
It gives me some Uneasiness to think,
How it may stand the Censure of the World.
Iret. Never be griev'd, nor hesitate thereon:
Our twin-born Souls, by Nature made alike,
Were not design'd to grovel upon Earth:
To tamely sink beneath a Tyrant's Frown,
Or court, unpopular, against the Bent,
With dog like Fawning, his destructive Smiles.
No.——Our dear Country's most oppressive Ills,
With Voice, like Thunder, call aloud for Justice.
Then, let us use the Sword, already drawn,
And strike, obedient to the general Cry.
Crom. I have not told you what his Friends have offer'd,
To re-instate him, once again, in Kingship——

A Dukedom, large Poſſeſſions, and the Garter;
And both my Sons promoted to the Peerage.

Iret. Their faithleſs Favours are beneath your Thoughts,
And what you're daily able to beſtow.
Are you not *Cromwell?*——
Let little, abject Souls, for Slavery born,
With ſubtle Hamſtrings bend the obſequious Knee;
Fall down to Stocks and Stones, and lick the Feet
Of even Satan, in a purple Veſt;
We, like the Eagle, have a higher Flight;
And, mounting, ſcorn to perch beneath a Throne
With Talons, capable of graſping Thunder,
We execute the Wrath of angry Heaven,
And pour Deſtruction on the guilty Head,
Whoſe impious Study is to chain his Country,
And ape Dominion over all Mankind!

Crom. The Cauſe of Liberty's a glorious Cauſe,
And warms Imagination into Rapture:
But—let us weigh the Greatneſs of the Work,
Before we lay the Weapon to the Root.——
This Day we bring a Monarch to the Bar,
Fore-judg'd of Crimes, perhaps, his Soul abhors.—

Iret. And ſhou'd he ſuffer by the Hand of Juſtice,
His Crimes and Deſtiny alone muſt anſwer it;
For we're no more than Inſtruments therein;
Allotted by the wiſe Decrees of Providence,
To put their dateleſs Laws in Execution.
Then let's proceed with Chearfulneſs and Vigour,
To lop the Head of this deceitful Hydra:
For, that once ſever'd, by a public Cenſure,
I fain wou'd know what Foe you have to fear.

Crom. His brother Kings, in Policy, muſt arm,
And march, united, to revenge his Death:
Elſe, this Example will inſtruct their Slaves

T

It cannot be!
The Lard has weighty Work for you to do;
And will not take you to himſelf, before
Thou haſt accompliſh'd his all-wiſe Deſigns.

Crom. Away, thou Babler, with thy fulſom Flattery.—
I've done with Villains of thy holy Caſt.
Go home, unmask, and view thy proper Self;
A Compoſition of Impiety and Falſhood.

Mrs. Crom. What can this mean?
Why, Maſter *Goodwin* is a godly Man,
And prays for our Proſperity, my Dear.

Crom. Take him away.——But hold:
[*Takes hold of* Goodwin.
Come hither, Chaplain, can you lay the Devil?

Good. I, I, lay the Devil, my Lord! No, my Lord,
I'm no Conjurer. Pray let me go.

Crom. No, no, ſtay.
With liberal Hand I've paid you long for nothing;
Now you muſt labour, and deſerve your Wages.
You've told the Brethren often in your Sermons,
That you cou'd chain up Satan, like a Maſtiff,
And let him looſe on Sinners, like a Bull-dog.
Your Excellence therein muſt now be try'd;
Since he will preſently be here in Perſon,
Arm'd at all Points, to try a Fall with ſome one,
So gird your Loins, and fetter up the Fiend;
Or elſe by *Beelzebub*, the Prince of Hell,
The triple-headed Dog, that guards the Gates,
Shall take you to his Den, inſtead of me.

Good. O Blaſphemy! Fy, fy, my Lord!
How will the Wicked triumph, when they hear this!
Tell it not in *Gath*, nor publiſh it in *Aſcalon*,
Leſt the Daughters of the *Philiſtines* rejoice.
How is the mighty fallen!

Our

Our high Prieſt is fallen from his high Places!
Crom. Here, *Harris*,
Take this frantic Fellow to Bedlam. [*Puſhes him off.*
Mrs. Crom. Be patient, Love; conſider whom you ſmite;
The Man's not mad, but gifted, and inſpir'd:
A choſen Veſſel; chief among the Elect;
To guide the Footſteps of the Faithful,
We, more than all the Land beſide,
Are much beholden to his holy Labours;
His pious Breathings, wholſom Exhortations,
His Watching, Faſting, Agonies, and Sweat:
But to his fervent Prayers, a great deal more.
Crom. I find you are deceiv'd in my Condition;
I can no more be help'd by Prayer, ev'n yours,
Than lab'ring *Luna* by the Sound of Cornets:
Beſides, this Man's a Hypocrite, loves Money and is lewd,
And vends Devotion but to ſerve himſelf.
Mrs. Crom. Oh how prophane and impiouſly you talk!
You, that cou'd pray, and preach whole Days yourſelf!
With what Irreverence do you now defame
Your Miniſter, and with Injuſtice ſpurn
The willing Labourer from his Maſter's Vineyard!
'Tis highly wicked to abuſe the godly;
And ſinful, ſure, to perſecute the Saints.
[Henry Cromwell, *and Mrs.* Claypole, *talk in dumb Shew.*]
Crom. Woman, no more, theſe Diſcords grate my Ears,
And fill my Mind with Madneſs and the Spleen.
I've nothing now to do with Saints or Sinners;
My own Deſtruction is Concern enough;
Your Preſence I deſir'd for other Ends;
To take a laſt Farewel.——For know, my Dear,
My Sands are few, and faſt they hurry on,
To boundleſs, terrible Eternity!
What will be there, ſurpaſſes all Conception.

Oh,

Com. What Answer shall I return to those that sent me, my Lord, on your Part?

Crom. Sir, I think the *Scotch* Nation assume a Right that they have no Title to. You sold the King, and had the Money; and dear enough we bought him.

Com. Sold him! Give me Patience, Heaven! We receiv'd the Arrears that were due to our Army, but did not sell the King.——But if we did, pray, who bought him? And for what purpose did you buy him? Only to shed his royal Blood? Release him, and we will repay the Money.

Crom. Sir, 'twill be best to apply to the Parliament.

Peters. Thou need'st not be so earnest for the Safety of the Man: He'll be safe enough. And now, is well attended, cloth'd and fed.

Com. He is our Countryman and King; and we are resolv'd to obtain his Release. And if you think not proper to restore him to his Throne again in *England*, we will make him King again in *Scotland*, and he shall keep his Court at *Edinburgh*.

Crom. 'Tis true, he was born in *Scotland*, but *England* was at the Charge of bringing him up: And pretty chargeable it has been, since his voracious Appetite has digested more Gold and Blood than all the Princes since the Conquest. And lo, had you kept him in *Scotland* till this Time, it had been happy for old *England*.

Com. He is a good Prince, and surrender'd himself into our good Confidence, for the Peace of the People: And wrote to *Montrose* in *Scotland*, and to all his Commanders in *England*, to evacuate and disband; and advis'd us to march homewards, upon a Presumption that the good People of *England* wou'd disband too, as there wou'd then be no Enemy to look them in the Face. And as we imagin'd the Parliament of *England* as well inclin'd

to

to Peace as ourſelves, and no leſs affected to the Perſon of the King, when ſtripp'd of his evil Counſellors, according to their frequent Declarations, we eaſily parted with the King upon their Requeſt: But not to make a Criminal of him.

Crom. If *Charles* had given ſuch Orders at the Head of a powerful Army, and thrown himſelf into the equitable Arms of his Parliament, it had been a virtuous Condeſcenſion; a princely Act indeed, and ſhewn a fatherly Affection for his People. But this is a Virtue ſhot out of Neceſſity, to ſurrender up the Power he cou'd no longer keep.

Peters. 'Tis a baſtard Virtue, a baſe-born Virtue: And as baſe truly ſignifies the bottom, 'tis mine A—e of a Virtue: Which is no Virtue at all.

Com. Sir, I ſpeak to you. [*To* Crom.

Crom. As the Fate of every Man was ſettled before the Creation was finiſh'd, your Solicitation on the King's Behalf is of no Effect. And as to your Addreſs to me, I am but a ſingle Member, an Individual of the Parliament of *England*; to whom, I ſay again, it wou'd be proper to apply. We ſhall proceed but warily in his Affairs: So you will have Time enough.

Com. Your Influence, my Lord, wou'd advance us more than any Thing elſe. Let us have that, and *Scotland* will remember it. [Friend.

Crom. Shou'd Matters run to Extremity, I ſhall be a

Com. Your Lordſhip's Goodneſs will be green and fragrant. [*Exit.*

Crom. I wiſh you a Good-day.—Maſter *Peters*, pray ſend my Daughter *Claypole* hither.

Pet. I ſhall, my Lord. [*Exit.*

Crom. O curs'd Ambition, that invades my Quiet,
And hurries me with reſtleſs Force to Greatneſs,

To

To whom am I a-Debtor for thy Gift?
My worthy Sire was honeſt *Cromwell* call'd:
An upright, peaceful, charitable Man;
Without one ſinful or aſpiring Thought:
My Mother, envious of no greater Glory
Than that of being a good Neighbour counted:
Then whence cou'd I, their Offſpring, ſuck this Poiſon,
That actuates every Nerve and Senſe about me?
That makes me perſonate the greateſt Sanctity,
Only to hide my being the greateſt Villain.

Enter Mrs. Claypole.

Daughter, I charge thee, on thy beſt Obedience,
To tell to none what thou haſt heard to Day:
Not even to thy Husband.
His weakly Fabrick was not built to bear
The weight of ſuch a Secret.
Your fooliſh Love, which I'm aſham'd to ſpeak of,
Has match'd you, moſt unequal to yourſelf:
Since I ſhall quickly be a Sovereign Prince,
And wield the idle Scepter of the Kingdom.

Clay. His want of Policy is well ſupply'd
By downy Eaſe, and unaſpiring Thoughts:
Taſteleſs of Grandeur, he is ever chearful;
Adores his Wife, and is an honeſt Man.

Crom. Theſe Gifts ſit well upon a private Perſon,
But you ſhou'd recollect who is your Father:
In vain I ſtruggl'd for your Elevation,
To match you nobly, and to make you great;
Since you, in oppoſition to my Scheme,
Muſt needs deſert the ſtarry Orb in view,
To be a Glow-worm, and enlighten Dirt:
He may be honeſt, indolent and loving,
But yet unfit to wed a Prince's Daughter.

A rising Monarch, ere his State is ripe,
Shou'd make Alliances with stronger Men;
Whose Arms are able to reduce Revolters,
And prop, with Vigour, the unestablish'd Throne.

Clay. 'Tis pain to me to hear you thus reproach
My lawful Husband, and elected Love:
Therefore I beg, my Lord, you wou'd excuse
My mean Attendance, till you change the Subject:
Or think less rigorous of your Daughter's Failings. [*Exit.*

Crom. What one erects, another soon pulls down,
The Mind of Man is like the World he lives in,
Compos'd of Variations, Rounds, and Circles,
That change, and alter daily in their Course.
Alas, my Children take not after me:
They want Ambition, that *Promethean* Spark,
That leads to Glory, Fame, and Immortality.
Thus *Alexander*, by Ambition fir'd,
To no less Conquest than the World aspir'd;
But finding such a Monarchy below
Of short Duration, fill'd with Cares and Woe,
O'er *Libya's* burning Sands with Ardor rode,
And, scorning Kingship, made himself a God. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Whitehall. *The Council of State.*

Bradshaw, Cromwell, Whitelock, Ludlow, *&c.*

BRADSHAW.

MAY it please your Honours, your just Sentence upon the late *Charles Stuart*, some time permitted to be King of these Realms, having been regularly carry'd into Execution, by separating his Head from his Body, I humbly presume to put your Honours in mind of making some Establishment for the Governance of this Commonwealth, and the public Tranquillity.

Crom. The Lord President has well spoken: And if it be pleasing to your Honours, let the Gentlemen, now present, be a standing Committee or Council of State for the Management thereof.

Omnes. Ay, ay, agreed, agreed.

Crom. In the first Place then, it will be highly necessary to abolish Kingship, and a House of Peers, for ever in these Nations: And to enter into an Engagement, upon Oath, for the due Performance thereof.

Omnes. Ay, ay, agreed.

Brad. As for Kingship, 'tis a needless Office; since the Burden of a Prince's Rule must be borne by the Shoulders of the People.

Crom. Very true. And ha'n't we the Lord General *Fairfax* to take care of the Army, and other able Members to take care of the State? As the Earl of *Warwick*

for the Fleet, my Friend *Whitelock* for the Great Seal, Mr. *Saint-John* for the Court of Upper Bench, Sir *Harry Vane* for the Secretary's Office, and the Earl of *Pembroke* for the Treaſury.

Lud. We can do as well without a King hereafter, as we have done theſe ſix Years paſt: And for the Eaſe of the People, the Land may be divided, like the Land of *Canaan*, into Tetrarchies; and plac'd in ſuch Hands as are firm to ourſelves and the Commonwealth.

Omnes. Yea, let it be ſo. For we'll have no King, but the King of Heaven.

Lud. I can govern the Weſt, General *Fleetwood* the Eaſt, my Friend *Lambert* the North, Colonel *Desborough* the South, and Major-General *Skippon* the City.

Crom. Your Model may be good; and will upon Examination be undoubtedly approved of: But as all Fleſh is weak, and we are unable to do any kind of Work, without the Aſſiſtance and Guidance of the great Creator, let us go hence, and ſeek the Giver of all good Gifts; and ſanctify ourſelves before we enter upon the Election of theſe choſen Veſſels; that our Hands may be pure, and our Hearts undefiled, and the great Work of the Nation bleſſed thereby.

Lud. Yea, with one accord let us ſeek his Name; and give him Praiſe and Thankſgiving for our Election and Succeſs.

Brad. Let us have a Faſt.

Lud. Yea, and a Thankſgiving too.

Brad. We will faſt and pray.

Whit. And rejoice alſo.

Crom. Yea, verily,
For his Ways are wonderful.

Lud. No Work ſhou'd be undertaken without Prayer; Nor ended, but with it.

Crom.

Crom. My Heart is lifted up ten times a Day; and I neither riſe up, nor ſit down; go in, nor come forth, without Prayer.

Brad. Nor I, verily. And we ſee how they proſper that hold us in deriſion for it. But the Time is now come, wherein the Houſhold of Faith prevaileth, and they muſt mock no more.

Lud. Nay, for we have cut off the Head of the Beaſt; and ſmote his Followers under the fifth Rib.

Crom. The Kings of the Earth ſhall now fall down to us for help in Adverſity; and their People ſhall cry aloud to us for Succour.

Brad. And when this good Fruit doth fully appear, the whole Nation will cry,—Bleſſed are ye among Men, and honourable are ye in the Sight of the People.

Lud. We will rule the Land with Juſtice and Equity: And do that which is righteous in the Eyes of the Lord, whom we are going to ſeek.

Crom. Let us intreat Maſter *Hugh Peters* to aſſiſt our Supplications; he is full of pious Breathings, and fighteth the Work of Faith under our own Banner.

Brad. He is a choſen Veſſel; One among Many, and walketh uprightly. And lo he cometh in at the Door.

Enter Hugh Peters.

Peters. Now, my Beloved, let us rejoice and be glad. The Sword of the Mighty has piere'd the Loins of the Ungodly.—The great Leviathan, the crooked Serpent, the creſted Baſilisk is now no more. Woe to the Drunkards of *Ephraim*! Woe to *Gad* and *Manaſſeh!*——The Wicked are now ſnar'd in their own Devices. Come, ye choſen, and bring forth your Meat-offerings, your Drink-offerings and Sacrifices. The Land ſhall mourn no more. The Wilderneſs ſhall be a Garden of Roſes,

and the bloody Fields of Battle ſhall bear Corn in abundance. So up. Let us rejoice as one Man, even as a young Man, that has newly married a young, handſom, virtuous Maiden.—Stand in the Gate, and proclaim this Year to be the firſt Year of Freedom. Our Thraldom is at an end, our Bonds are broken; and *Jeruſalem* is in Peace. Behold, the Day cometh, that all the Saints have long pray'd for. The Morning breaketh forth in Crimſon, and the beauteous Flowers of the Field ſpread wide their odorous Cups, to drink the blooming Influence of the riſing genial Sun. But now I talk of the Sun, I had yeſternight a wonderful ſtrange Dream. I dreamt in my Sleep, that I was fully awake: And that a Man in bright Raiment with a ſhining Countenance, came and took me by the Right-hand, ſaying, *Hugh*, fear thee not? I am ſent from above to tell thee what to do. There is a Man among my People, a choſen Servant out of Many, whom I ordain the Captain of my Hoſts; his Name is *Oliver*. Go thou unto him ſtraight, and tell him what the Spirit ſaith.

Whit. This is a Revelation certainly.

Crom. If this is meant to me, I will not ſtay to hear it. My Lord, General *Fairfax* is an honeſt and a worthy Officer.

Brad. He is worthy, but lukewarm. His Wife hath bewitch'd him, and made him now another Man.

Peters. If ye intend to proſper in your Doings, ye muſt all be unanimous, and obey the Dictates from above. The Will of Man is not to be weigh'd againſt the Decrees of Eternity. And tho' the Lord *Fairfax* is unexceptionable in our Sights, yet, conſider, my Beloved, how dim and purblind are the Generations of this World, to the all-ſeeing Penetration of him that created all Things out of Nothing.

Crom.

Crom. The Burden as well as the Honour, is above my Abilities. Therefore, I hope, this honourable Board will keep their Seats, to put a Negative thereon.

[*All rise, but some very slowly.*

Brad. Your Honour has the undivided Suffrage of this whole Assembly: And you are now chosen by the Commonwealth of *England*, to be Commander in chief of all their Forces.

Whit. Gad forbid I shou'd gainsay the Choice ye all have made, or lessen your Esteem for the Lord General *Cromwell*, for whose extraordinary Abilities I have the greatest Regard: But having been bred to the Law, and being well acquainted with the Constitution of this Kingdom, I presume to think, that unless we hit on some Expedient, to fill up the Gap we have made in Monarchy, we shall reel a little towards Confusion.

Crom. Sir, if you have any Thing to offer for the public Good, I beg we may hear it: For I am resolv'd to decline all personal Considerations whatever, to serve the Commonwealth.

Lud. Ay, pray, Sir, let's hear it. We are all for the public Good.

Whit. The Laws of *England* are so interwoven with Headship, or Monarchy, that to make a military Commander, without giving the supreme civil Rule, which, by the Constitution, has always hitherto been center'd in one and the same Person, wou'd create Inconveniences more numerous than any human Sapience can well foresee.

Brad. Very true, therefore I am for settling Things upon a lasting Foundation, that the Mercies of the Lard may not be thrown away. But how shall Gad's Will be known, in regard to this new Office, or who shall be the Man?

Peters. I have already told you.

Lud. Some nominal Repreſentative of the national Power is ſtrictly neceſſary, that all Men may know whom to apply to, as a public Officer or Governor. Such were formerly the Dictators of *Rome*; and ſuch are now the Doges of *Venice* and *Genoa*.

Brad. 'Tis moſt neceſſary indeed. But we muſt uſe a Caution in the Choice, and give our Officer a candid Title. The Name of King is all Mens Hate; and that of Dictator will appear too abſolute.

Crom. The Government of this Nation by a ſingle Perſon, is now become ſo odious to the People, that he muſt be a bold Man that dares to put his Shoulders under the Load.

Peters. The great Abilities of your Honour, are only able to diſcharge that Truſt.

Crom. Oh, there are others of ſuperior Merit. Lord *Grey*, my Friend *Whitelock*, Sir *Arthur Haſlerig*, and the reſt of this honourable Board, that can well ſupport the Charge thereof. But if you oblige me to accept of the Government, I am but the Nation's Servant, and muſt ſubmit. But I beg I may not be call'd by the Name of King, who deſire but to be the Protector of your Rights and Liberties.

Peters. Beloved, will ye hear what the Spirit ſaith? His Highneſs, *Oliver Cromwell*, is the Protector of *England*, *Scotland* and *Ireland*; and ſhall rule my People with Juſtice, Equity and Truth.

Brad. He is moſt deſerving of Gad's Favour. But as we regard his Welfare, we ſhou'd not oppreſs him with too much Weight. The Civil Power may be limited, and plac'd in other Hands: And as we are, many of us, capable of diſcharging the ſame with Honour, I hold it neceſſary that we conſider of ſome proper

Perſon

Perſon for that weighty Office. I propoſe Commiſſioner *Whitelock*.

Whit. And I propoſe Lord *Grey*.

Lud. And I ſhou'd vote for Sir *Arthur Haſlerig*, were it not in derogation of the other two.

Peters. Brethren, I exhort you to Unanimity.

Lud. Silence, Prieſt.

Peters. Prieſt! I am no Prieſt; I am none of the Worſhippers of *Baal*, thou Babler. I am a Prophet, and a true Prophet, ſent from the moſt High.

Lud. There have been falſe Prophets, and thou art one: Wolves in Sheeps Clothing, and ſome in Clokes.

Peters. I am no Devourer of Widows Houſes, nor Orphans Lands.

Lud. But thou haſt been the Trumpeter of Sedition, and now exhorteſt to Unanimity. We will be unanimous and act conjunctly for the Nation's Safety.

Crom. I am ſorry for this Schiſm, and will withdraw. [*Exit.*

Brad. The Lord General takes it ill.

Peters. And ſo ſhall the Lard above. [*Exit.*

Whit. I'm ſorry the Lord Preſident ſhou'd do me the Honour to create this Breach.

Lud. We might as well have kept the Tyrant we had, as to ſet up another. What wou'd the World ſay then? That we had laid the Ax to the Root of the Cedar, and planted the Place with an over-grown Bramble. There ſeems to be ſome ſiniſter Doings in all this. There is a rank Root, Gentlemen, call'd Ambition, that when once it gets into your Grounds, is like Twitch-graſs, you may dig it, and weed it, to the Day of Judgment, but you'll never eradicate it. I wiſh this honeſt, ſelf-denying Patriot, *Oliver Cromwell*, is not over-run with it. *Peters* is his Creature, his Mouth,

and

and dares not utter any thing his Patron disapproves of. This will be pleasing News to the House, to hear their Servant is become their Master! —— No, no, it must not be. We have already gone too far, and must of course rest here.

Whit. Time will best shew us what we want. In the interim, we will let as many things as possible run in their old Channels; lest too much Innovation bring a general Confusion.

Brad. If it be the Pleasure of your Honours, we will now go to *Margaret*'s, and crave a Blessing.

Omnes. Yea, we will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Whitehall-Gate.*

Cromwell *and* Ireton *meet.*

Iret. I wish your Lordship Joy!

Crom. I thank you, Son; but fear I shall not find
The Joy you are so good to greet me with.
A Cloud o'ershades the Sun-shine of my Grandeur,
And robs my Heaven of more than half its Brightness.

Iret. If the Similitude is just, my Lord,
A little Time will clarify your Sky:
Like Morning Mists, the Gloom will glide away,
And leave your Beams too glorious to be gaz'd at.
The Way to Greatness is a steep Ascent,
Which, Step by Step, we must with Patience climb;
And he that hopes to gain the highest Stair,
Must not be tired with the first Attempt.

Crom. The Parliament's a Rub I wou'd get rid of,——
The leading Presbyterians, to a Man,
And all the rotten Members of the House,
For Opposition sake will stop my Progress:
And whilst they keep their everlasting Seats,
Rever'd, like Medals, only for their Age,
And are to scan, and regulate my Actions,

I shall but be —— the Image of a Ruler.

Iret. My Lord, their feeble Power is near its End.
A Board of Officers, of our own People,
By my Appointment, in your Name, are met,
To sign, and execute their Dissolution.
Go you, and head their generous noble Purpose,
Whilst I prepare the City for the Change,
But dull the Edge of no Man's rash Proposals
By reasoning on Events, howe'er improbable;
Since every One best likes his own Designs,
And will not quickly drop them for another's.
Promise to all whate'er their Hopes suggest,
And swell the Measure of the most ambitious.
Load worthless Men with mention of their Merit;
The Miser bribe, and with the Bigot pray.

Crom. Where does this military Council meet?

Iret. In your own Lodgings, where they wait and want
Your Presence to impregnate their crude Thoughts:
To lead them on, and sanctify the Action.

Crom. They shall not wait nor want me any longer.

[*Exeunt severally.*

A Board of General Officers.

Lambert, Harrison, Whalley, Ludlow, *&c.*

Lamb. Gentlemen, the Parliament are a parcel of self-ended Men: Men who have swallow'd up the Fat of the Land; and have left us, and the poor Soldiers we command to subsist, in a famish'd Country, unpaid.

Har. Major General *Lambert* is in the Right of it, they are self-seeking Monsters indeed. So let us tumble them out headlong, and set up ourselves. We that cou'd conquer, can surely rule the Kingdom better than they can. Besides, we shall never prosper whilst this

Parliament

Parliament continues, who are made up of Whoremongers, Drunkards, unjuſt and corrupt Men; Men that are ſcandalous to the Profeſſion of the Goſpel, and not fit to ſit as a Parliament any longer.

Lamb. Let us ſet up the Lord General *Cromwell*, as a Director of the State, and conſtitute ourſelves the Officers of the Army to be his Privy-Council, Brother *Harriſon.*

Whal. Let us make him Lord Mayor of *England*, and ourſelves the Aldermen.

Har. Any thing, Brother *Whalley*, but King; for we'll have no King, but the King of Grace, and no Soldiers, but Saints. Seventy of which ſhall be the ſtanding Council of the Nation, anſwerable to the Sanhedrim of the Jews, the ancient choſen People of Heaven.

Lud. I wou'd not willingly make a Diviſion in your Counſels, my godly Friends, nor utter a Syllable againſt the Lord General *Cromwell*; but I have ſome Scruples, in relation to the Parliament, that tye up my Tongue, as well as my Hands, from being conſenting to ſo deſperate a Proceeding. The Parliament of *England* in their congregate Body, is a ſanctify'd Aſſembly of venerable Patriots, whom it is impious to violate. Some of the Members, indeed, may be corrupt, and may, without Offence, be lopt off from the reſt: But to annihilate the whole Trunk, becauſe it has rotten Branches, wou'd be a Soleciſm prodigious. Let us weed that auguſt Garden, and pick out the Tares from the Wheat, but never, never let us dare to think of deſtroying the wholſom Herbage of ſo fine a Soil.

Har. There may be a few innocent Perſons, as there was in *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, and every one of us may have a Friend amongſt them, whom we ſhou'd be glad to favour: But, to ſhew our Juſtice and Impartiality, I think

think it beſt to diſſolve the whole Body; and, out of their Aſhes, to cull out the Cinders and ſound Coals, to warm our Noſes by, another Seaſon.

Lamb. Theſe Parliamentarians, who have ſat ſo long, are now as ſo many Kings; or, rather, Tyrants. Don't they enſlave the whole Nation, by making and unmaking what Laws they pleaſe? Don't they raiſe what Money they can, and diſpoſe of it, as they think fit? Enrich their own private Families, and impoveriſh the Commonwealth? Lay Loads upon the Soldiers, and ——

Enter Cromwell.

Crom. So, my right godly, martial Friends, you are well aſſembl'd. Pray what is the Reſult of your ſeaſonable Conſultation?

Lamb. My Lord, we are ſo neglected by this deſpicable Remnant of a Parliament, that we are come to a Reſolution to diſſolve that Body, and chooſe a Head.

Crom. God forbid! We have had enough of Headſhip already, I think. And who is the worthy Perſon you have pitch'd upon, for that Honour, pray?

Lamb. As *Nathan* ſaid to *David*, *Thou art the Man.* Who is ſo fit and worthy as your Lordſhip? And to take away the Odium of ſuch an Office, by the prudent Advice of Maſter *Hugh Peters*, we ſhall call you our PROTECTOR: A Title that cannot fail of pleaſing the People, and giving them a true Idea of ſomething grand and good, majeſtical and merciful.

Crom. That beneficent Name that makes me the Father of my Country, and the Paſtor of the People, is the only Inducement that cou'd prevail upon me to take ſo extraordinary a Step: For which unmerited Honour, Gentlemen, I return you all my Thanks; and promiſe, my

my Endeavours ſhall be always anſwerable to your Eſteem, in diſcharging my Office with Juſtice and Equity.

Har. But your Lordſhip is not to keep the Office always; you are only choſen to fill up the Inter-regnum; and muſt give place to the King of Mercy, whenever he comes.

Crom. That, Sir, I ſhall do, moſt willingly.

Hor. Then let us go hence, and diſſolve thoſe Scoundrels that call themſelves the Parliament of *England*; who have engroſs'd all the lucrative Places; and govern the Nation with more Tyranny, than the thirty Raſcals of old did the People of *Athens*.

Whal. They are now at Church; ſo we have nothing to do but lock up the Houſe-Doors, and ſet a Guard thereon.

Lud. So arbitrary a Method will be condemn'd by all ſober People, and will be no Diſſolution, ſince they can meet in another Houſe, and call themſelves a Parliament ſtill. It muſt be their own Act and Deed.

Crom. Gentler Methods ſhou'd firſt be try'd. There are ſome wiſe Men amongſt them, whoſe honeſt Arguments may prevail upon the reſt, to hear Reaſon, and be convinc'd. If not, Force may be the laſt Reſort.

Lamb. The Lord Protector has well ſpoken. So let us meet there in the Afternoon, and act as we find occaſion.

Har. 'Tis my Advice, that a choſen Party of three hundred Men may wait our Orders without.

Crom. The Advice is good, my worthy Friend, and you ſhall have them. I'll go this moment, and give the neceſſary Orders for their Muſter. [*Exit.*

Lud. Brother *Harriſon*, your Advice was a little premature. To bring a Force upon the Houſe, and turn the Members out of Doors, is worſe than purging of it before.

before. But, I hope, the Lord General will think better of it.

Har. Perhaps he may. I have beſpoke a Dinner at the *Lion*, Gentlemen.

Lamb. We will attend you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Cromwell, *meeting Mrs.* Claypole.

Clay. O Madam, you are well met. I was going to look for you.

Mrs. Crom. Daughter, you are welcome.
This Interview I wanted more than you:
The Preſence of a Child, ſo wiſe and good,
May give ſome Comfort to a mournful Mother:
Your Father's haughty Soul, and boundleſs Graſp,
That, like the Welkin, ſtretches over all,
And makes him fretful, ſullen, and ſevere,
Diſtracts my Quiet, and makes Life a Burden;
Impatient to be King, he drops his Caution;
And ſcarce remembers, lately, to diſſemble:
His Sleep, and Appetite, and Mind are broken;
And all that's kind and laudable have left him.
Beneath his Cloaths he wears a Shirt of Mail,
And ſtarts at every little Noiſe he hears:
Commands, and countermands with Inconſiſtence;
And, looking wildly, holds Diſcourſe with Air.
So chang'd, he's now a Stranger to himſelf,
To Heaven, and me, and all his deareſt Friends:
Oh, had we never left the rural Life!
The pleaſing Life of Innocence and Love,
To build on vain Ambition's ſandy Baſe
A ſtately Tow'r, the Mark of Storm and Tempeſt,
And all the while inhabited within
By Fears and Terrors, and a World of Woes:
So had we liv'd unenvied, unperplex'd,

And

And ne'er had known this wildfire of Affliction,
That burns to gain an unavailing Name!
We must endeavour to restore his Mind,
And bring him back to Reason and himself:
Find out Expedients to divert the Torrent,
And make him see the Precipice before him.
My Hopes depend on you, his darling Daughter,
To whom he'll hearken, and the soonest bend:
So use your Influence to effect this Miracle,
And drive the dazzling Phantom from his View;
The airy, undesirable Nothing,
That yet disturbs his Soul with real Pain.

Clay. Bid me to tear up Mountains by their Roots,
To drain the Deep, or to obscure the Sun;
To prop the Heavens, or to raise the Dead,
And I shall choose them, as the easier Task:
Ambition and Rebellion came from Hell;
The Devil himself first practis'd them in Heaven;
And whosoe'er is tainted with their Gifts,
Remains devoted to their Ills for ever:
If not to you, the Partner of his Bed,
He will not, sure, to me prove flexible:
He will not, did I say? O Heav'ns, he cannot!
His daring Soul not finding upon Earth
Sufficient Power to attain Dominion,
Has purchas'd, if the general Rumour's right,
A short, but damn'd Commission from the Devil.

Mrs. Crom. Rumour's the greatest Liar upon Earth;
And this Report of him must be impossible:
As well the World might say, of every one
Whom Heaven indulges with a prosperous Gale,
That their good Fortune issues from the Devil.

Clay. But give me leave to say with heart-sore Grief;
The curs'd Contract, that you disbelieve,

My

My Father has, in part, made known to me:
Nay, I have heard the ſupernatural Power
Give him the direful Summons to his Duty. [is ſick.

Mrs. Crom. Your Faith's too credulous, or your Brain
Your Father, if, indeed, engag'd with Hell,
Wou'd never truſt his Purpoſe to a Woman,
Nor ſuffer you to know his real Intentions:
He might, 'tis true, alarm you with a Story
Of ſomething hideous, to amuſe, or bugbear
The idle Inquiſition of a Woman;
But never, never wou'd declare, in earneſt,
The true Solution of his mazy Riddles:
He's grown ſo intricate, I never know,
'Till Bed-time comes, what Room he likes to lodge in;
And ſo ſuſpicious too, he'll ſeldom lie
Two Nights together in the ſame Apartment:
Oh what Felicity enjoys the Conſcience,
That gives Offence to neither God nor Man!
But, oh, what Tortures muſt the Guilty feel,
Bound to the Wheel for Life, if not for ever!

Enter Cromwell.

Crom. O Wife, and Daughter, Partners of my Soul,
Come ſhare, with me, the Tranſports of my Bliſs!
My Joys are greater than my Breaſt can bear,
And call for you to catch the Overflowings:
The *Engliſh* Crown, for which I long have languiſh'd,
Now waits obſequiouſly for my Acceptance:
The Parliament will be diſſolv'd ere Evening,
And I ſhall rule ſupreme o'er three great Kingdoms.

Mrs. Crom. Oh, had you never ſeen a Court, my Dear,
Your Joys wou'd then have been ſubſtantial Things:
Chearful and eaſy, under our own Vine,
We might have eat, and drank, and ſlept, and lov'd;

But now, no real Pleaſure can we find,
Since you are only fond of Hopes and Shadows:
A Crown! Forbid it, Heaven! much eaſier
Wou'd ſit * a woollen Night-cap on thy Brow:
Crowns have their Cares, as Roſes have their Thorns,
And make the happy, quiet-minded Man,
A hapleſs, reſtleſs, diſcontented King.

Crom. Alas, poor Wretch! Thou unambitious Woman,
Whoſe taſteleſs, groveling Soul is form'd of Darkneſs,
Without one generous Particle of Glory!
Thy ſervile Mind's not equal to the Lot,
Which I, and Fortune, wou'd beſtow upon thee:
Unnatural Prodigy of all thy Sex!
Art thou a Woman, and declin'ſt Dominion?
Behold thy Daughter, of a different Mould,
Like Scarlet, reddening at ſo weak a Thought:
Her Taſte is manly, noble and refin'd;
And juſtly knows the Value of a Kingdom.

Clay. O Sir, how weakly we miſlead ourſelves,
By daring to expound the Countenance!
Can Looks deſcribe the Secrets of a Boſom;
Or Lines and Dimples paint the dumb Man's Thoughts?
I bluſh'd, 'tis true, but 'twas for you, my Father,
The Founder, and, I fear, Deſtroyer of us all:
I bluſh'd to hear ſo great a Politician
Expoſe his Folly and blind Side to Women:
I am your Daughter, and ſhou'd know my Duty,
Sooth your aſpiring Hopes, and be obedient;
But worldly Forms are mean Conſiderations,
When Hell gapes wide, to ſwallow up a Parent:
For think not, Sir, this dazzling, ill-got Crown,
Which you, perhaps, may wear a dozen Years,

* Woollen Caps were a Sign of Grace, in *Cromwell's* Time.

Will

Will be a Balance for the Crown you'll lose;
Or soften the eternal Pains hereafter!
For tho' each Diamond glister'd like a Star,
And you cou'd wear it for a thousand Years,
Without the least Uneasiness or Care,
The Punishment, a Month, wou'd overweigh it:
But what Comparison is there between
A Month and infinite Eternity?
Eternity! a Word, the largest Mind
Studies with vain Attempt to comprehend!
Consider too, ten thousand earthly Crowns
Are worthless Gifts, compar'd to one small Spark
Of that bright Glory, which for ever shines
And glads the Regions of the Blest, for ever!
Call down Ambition but to think of that.

Crom. These are but Notions of a weakly Brain,
Which, soft, like Wax, some Beldam has impress'd,
The idle Way our Nurses train up Youth,
And rob Mankind of half their native Vigour:
And, as 'tis easy to improve a Cheat,
So deeply rooted, and so much indulg'd,
The Preachers raise the Fabrick of their Cant
On such Foundations, to mislead the World:
But granting there is such a Place as Hell,
And fraught with all the Torments we are told of,
I'd be a King, tho' 'twere but for a Month,
In spite of Tortures and ten thousand Devils;
Kings are the Idols every Mortal bows to:
And if they're not the only Gods in Nature,
Are Gods on Earth, and such is my Ambition. [Father,

Clay. This, Sir, from you! —— 'Tis well you are my
Else, by the Heavenly Powers, whom you blaspheme,
I'd tear the tainted Tongue from such a Mouth!
For know, beneath this Form, I wear a Soul

As maſculine and active as your own;
That dares to vindicate its great Creator,
Againſt the Univerſe,——and, even you.

Crom. 'Tis well I love thee; and remember too
Thy Paſſion flows from Principles I gave thee:
Gave thee, when young; when I myſelf was ignorant,
And had not taſted of the Tree of Knowledge. [gain'd;

Mrs. Crom. Curs'd be the fatal Knowledge you have
That has miſled you from yourſelf and Heaven!
For had you ſtill retain'd that State of Ignorance,
You might have liv'd in hope of future Bliſs;
Enjoy'd an eaſy, inoffenſive Life,
That Guilt and Grandeur now deprives you of:
Oh that the vain, imaginary Notion
Of being a King, ſhou'd turn ſo ſtrong a Brain!
That ever Man ſhou'd chooſe the Loſs of Liberty,
To be a big-nam'd Pris'ner of the State!
O my good Lord, or, rather, deareſt Husband,
The only Title I can give with Pleaſure;
Recal, recal, before it is too late,
Theſe tow'ring Thoughts that lead you to Deſtruction!
For what is paſt, Forgiveneſs may be had,
Since Heav'n is merciful, if you repent:
And as three Kingdoms call you their Deliverer,
Glory it is enough, you need no more. [broke

Crom. Some hidden Charms, within your Words, have
My Reſolution, and my Fortitude:
I'm not myſelf, and feel a fluttering here,
[*Pointing to his Breaſt.*
That, till this Time, I've been a Stranger to:
Surely it's not the Plague the World calls Conſcience!
Of which I've often read, and heard Men prate,
But never knew that I had one before;
And ſcarcely can forbear to doubt it now:

Why

Why did I tell these Tidings to a Wife,
The weak frail Pattern of true Womanhood,
That cannot conquer even the Sight of Spiders?
Why bring my Glory to this dull Dilemma?

Mrs. Crom. Oh how it raises my desponding Soul,
To find you have a Conscience, and Contrition!

Crom. I have a Tenderness, 'tis true, for you,
And Frailties natural to the carnal Man:
But what can Conscience now effect for me,
Who must, and will, this Moment be a King?
Conscience! what is it, but a Term, a Bubble,
A State Device of Knaves, t' imprison Fools,
And propagate the deep-laid Plots of Priestcraft?
A Name that can't create the least Idea
Of ought that's rational, or comprehensive:
And yet by such an empty, idle Notion,
Which Clerks inculcate, but cannot define,
These learned Jugglers have, with ease, subdu'd
The Minds and Purses of the western World:
I'll none of it; but straight with eager Joy
Embrace the inviting End of my Desires. [*Exit.*

Clay. Did ever any Propheteſs foretell
A Truth more sad or certain, than myself!
I told you how impossible it was
To turn the Tide of his aspiring Thoughts;
Whose wild Ambition, boundless as the Air,
Gigantic strides o'er Kingdoms at a Step.

Mrs. Crom. Oh, he is lost! For ever, ever lost!
Lost to his Family, himself and Heaven!
Come, let's go after him, and join our Powers
Against the Tyrant that impels his Mind:
Paint all the Horrors of a Fiend's Hereafter,
And try the Force of Woman's Perseverance;
'Till we have thoroughly awak'd his Conscience,

And made him see the Danger that surrounds him.
Thus, like the careful Watchman of a Tower,
Who sees an Enemy from Ambush pour;
We'll wake Security with loud Alarms,
And rouse each drousy Centinel to Arms;
From guileful Foes the City to defend,
And save from Death, our Father, Husband, Friend.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Parliament-House.*

The Speaker, Cromwell, Lambert, Harrison, *&c. on the Floor.*
Wentworth, Whalley, Ludlow, Whitelock, *sitting.*

CROMWELL.

I Say you are no longer a Parliament. Your scandalous Neglect of the publick Good, and your espousing only the Interest of yourselves, the Presbyterians, and Lawyers, who are the Supporters of Tyranny and Oppression, makes your Dissolution absolutely necessary. Therefore, resolve speedily to leave this Place, and meet no more, or I shall make the stoutest among you repent his Refusal.

Speak. This is what no Man ever expected from you, Sir.—We here represent the good People of *England*, and can be dissolv'd by no Power on Earth, save ourselves. And, as the unsettl'd State of the Nation demands our utmost Attention at this time, we shou'd be greatly wanting in our Duty, to leave things in Confusion.

Besides,

Besides, Sir, we are not to be told we are no Parliament, nor menac'd out of our Power, by a Person that bears our Commission.

Crom. 'Tis to no purpose to prate now. [*Stamps.*] I say, again, you are no Parliament, therefore be gone, and make room for honester Men. I have sought the Lard Day and Night, that he wou'd rather slay me, than put me upon this Work; but ye have made it necessary.—Your Measure is full; your Dealings are light; you have been weigh'd in the Balances, and found wanting.

Enter Officers and Soldiers.

Come, Brother *Harrison*, hand the Gentleman down; he may be stiff with sitting so long.——Here, *Howel*, take away that Bauble. [*the Mace.*] Captain, clear that Row. Lieutenant, take care of those Papers.

[*They retire in Confusion.*

Har. Come, Sir, I am under Orders, you hear. Shall I lend you a Hand or a Wand? Will you walk out freely, or be driven out by Force?

Speak. Sir, I am a little gouty, and beg Time.—This is a Day indeed!

[*Hobbles out very fast*, Whitelock *with him.*

Har. Yes, Sir, a very clear Day, and will be a joyful Day to all the Nation, I hope. For notwithstanding Gad was pleas'd to appear for his People, in reducing *Ireland* and *Scotland* to so great a degree of Peace, and *England* to perfect Quietness, and gave you so fair an opportunity to settle all things Temporal and Spiritual upon a lasting Foundation, you have made no Progress therein, to the Grief of the Land: So out, ye Snails, ye slow-pac'd Vermin!

Lam. They do as they are bidden; they are not slow, now we have quicken'd their Pace.

Wentw. The Deſigns of the Army are now too flagrant, to eſcape the Nation's Notice. [*Going off.*

Crom. Hence, thou Drunkard, that liveſt in Adultery! Fly after thy Fellows, and be lewd and fat! You, and your Collegues; that, not thinking ye had ſat long enough, were now paſſing an Act for perpetuating yourſelves; by which the Intereſts of all good Men wou'd have been laid in the Duſt; and, inſtead of a ſingle Tyrant, we ſhou'd have had three hundred. Hideous Monſters! But they are now no more. So every Man to his Tents, O *Iſrael*, and praiſe the Lord for this great and neceſſary Work. Lock up the Doors, that there may be no more Meetings here; and follow me, your Leader, your King.

Har. How, my Lord, King!

Crom. Protector; — it's all one: Kings are no more, and ſhou'd be nothing leſs.

Har. Sir, you are miſtaken; for the Name of King is as odious in *England*, as it was in *Rome*, after the Expulſion of the *Tarquins*.

Crom. The People have a ſmall Averſion to it at preſent; but a little Time and Lenity will reconcile them to it as heartily as ever.

Lud. I hope, my Lord, you have not made a ſtalking Horſe of the Officers of the Army, for this ſiniſter Purpoſe. We have fought for a Commonwealth, and a Commonwealth we will have, and not a Tyranny.

Har. No, my Lord General, we have every one of us undergone an equal Share in the Hazards of the War, and therefore ought to ſhare as equally in the Iſſues thereof. And tho', in reſpect to your Merit, we have readily agreed to give you the Title of our Protector, it is not with a Deſign to let you be our Deſtroyer.

Crom.

Crom. No, my worthy Friends, far be it from me to entertain a Thought ſo ſelfiſh and pernicious. I have fought for the Faith, pray'd for the Faith, and bled for the Faith; and wou'd now only finiſh the Faith. And ſince I find the empty Sound of King is diſguſtful to my Fellow-Labourers in the Vineyard, call me by any other Title, no matter how low or diminutive it is; a Conſtable or Headborough, ſo I am veſted with Power ſufficient to do the Bus'neſs of the Nation: For that's the only End of my Deſires.

Whal. There can be no Safety in any thing, but a Commonwealth: *For in much Council, there is much Wiſdom.* And we may have a Pattern from *Venice*, *Genoa*, or *Holland*.

Lamb. 'Tis well advis'd, and will beſt pleaſe the People.

Crom. I am the People's Servant, in any Shape or Form; and will moſt readily ſubmit to any thing for their Emolument. And as I am always lab'ring for their Advancement, I have been contriving a new Model of Government, ſo well balanc'd, that every Individual will bear a due Proportion of Rule, according to his real Deſerts. But as ye ſeem not now in a proper Diſpoſition to hearken to ſuch a Propoſal from me, I ſhall poſtpone the Intention thereof, till my Fellow-Soldiers are pleas'd to lay their Commands upon me for its Promulgation.

Lamb. We are diſpos'd to hear any Thing, Sir, for the Nation's Good; and a properer time cannot be found. Therefore I beg, my Lord, you will go on.

Crom. I have divided the Nation into twelve Parts, or Provinces; and over each Part I have aſſign'd one of you to govern with princely Authority; reſerving to myſelf little more than the Right of determining Appeals; which Superiority is ſtrictly neceſſary, to keep the Balance even.

Lamb.

Lamb. This is a very good Model indeed, and worthy of the great Inventor.

Whal. No one, I hope, will dare to reject so profitable a Scheme as this is.

Omnes. We shall all agree to it.

Crom. I shall order every Gentleman's Commission, with the Title of Major-General of his particular District, to be drawn immediately. [*Exit.*

Har. God save the Lord Protector! Huzza! Soldiers, to your Quarters. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] This will be a handsom Reward, Gentlemen, for all your Labours, and afford as much Honour and Wealth as any reasonable Christian can desire.

Lamb. It will be a comfortable Cessation for all our past Troubles; and we shall rest in Peace, and be had in Reverence as so many Elders, or Princes of the People. [*Exit* Ludlow.

Har. These twelve Divisions of the Land, will answer to the twelve Tribes of *Israel:* Therefore, say unto the People, remember not former things, neither consider ye the Days of old; for, behold, a new Custom springeth forth, and ye shall know it, even as the River springeth from the Rock; we will pour Water upon him that is thirsty, and Floods upon the dry Ground; and the Land shall bring forth, and increase abundantly.

Lamb. 'Twill be necessary to inaugurate the Lord Protector in public; to notify his Election to the People, create a Reverence for his Person, and sanctify his Acts.

Whal. Most highly necessary: Therefore the sooner the better. So let the Solemnity begin to-morrow.

Har. Let us go hence.

Lamb. And lock up these Doors. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *A Tavern.*

Seymour, Herbert, Butler, *Sir* Peter Wentworth, *and Sir* Richard Willis, *Cavaliers.*

Will. Come, my worthy Friends, to the pious Memory of the Royal Martyr.

Went. He ſhines ere now a glorious Saint in Heaven.

Sey. Curſe and Confuſion on the helliſh Herd,
Whoſe ſacrilegious Hands cou'd vilely dare
To ſign the impious Warrant for his Murder:
Oh, with what calm Serenity he ſhone!
The Rays of Majeſty ſtruck with deep Awe
The fiendful bloody-minded Multitude;
And kept him circl'd in his own bright Sphere;
With Reſignation to the Will of Heaven,
He ſmil'd, regardleſs, on the fatal Block;
Forgave his Murderers, and diſmay'd the Headſman,
Whoſe Cruelty recoil'd, and made him fear
To touch the Temples of the Lord's Anointed,
Till call'd to Action by the chearful Prince.

Herb. There fell the greateſt of our *Engliſh* Kings!
A Monarch, that deſerv'd a better Fate,
Religious, learned, valiant, chaſte and wiſe;
But born to live in Care, and die unhappy.
So intricate thy ways, O Providence,
Which human Wiſdom tries in vain to ſcan;
But ever juſt and true!—tho' he is gone
And Villain's triumph in his cruel Fall.

Sey. This to the pious Memory of the Martyr:
Fervently wiſhing it may prove my Poiſon,
If I at leaſt attempt not fell Revenge
On ſome of his gigantic Murderers.

Herb. There's no plotting againſt *Cromwell* and his Crew,

Crew, who have the Devil for a Spy. For, excepting Mr. *Seymour*'s Attempt to ſhoot the Maſter-Traitor, not one Contrivance has arriv'd half way to Maturity. *Syndercomb*'s Plot, the Marquis of *Ormond*, the riſing in the Weſt, and every other Scheme has been cruſh'd in its Infancy. Seriouſly then I am afraid we have falſe Brethren among ourſelves, and, unleſs we can find them out, ſhall never be able to do Execution.

[*Drinks, and the reſt do the ſame at Intervals.*

But. I dare almoſt ſwear, Mr. *Herbert*, for every one aſſembled now. But at other times, in a larger Company, I am apt to think, with you, we may poſſibly entertain a Traitor, or the deepeſt and the darkeſt of our Plots cou'd never thus have proved abortive.

Herb. Every thing for the future ſhall be manag'd by a few: A ſelect Committee of truſty Members, who ſhall make their Report to one Principal; at whoſe Approbation ſhall be fix'd the exact time for putting our Deſigns in Execution.

Willis. That will be attended with inſuperable Difficulties. For who will obey the Orders of that one? unleſs it be the King. And how ſhall one bring any Force together, without imparting it to many more, whoſe Aſſiſtance will be abſolutely neceſſary for the perfecting of any Undertaking?

Sey. If Sir *Richard Willis*'s Zeal, Courage and Loyalty, were not above Diſpute, I ſhou'd have terrible Apprehenſions of his Uniformity. To raiſe Doubts is to damp the Deſign. We muſt inſpire our Friends, and not intimidate them; diminiſh Difficulties, rather than magnify them; or rather deſpiſe them all in ſo glorious an Attempt.

Will. Sir, we have had too many raſh Attempts already. Attempts, that only fail'd for want of good Digeſtion;

Digeſtion; and ſhall we, hoodwink'd, plunge into another?

Sey. Yes, if it bears a Proſpect of Succeſs.
It has been urg'd already, that all Efforts
Prove vain againſt the Art and Pow'r of *Cromwell.*
No matter, Sir, I think him ſtill but mortal,
Howe'er the Devil at preſent may protect him;
And as we know the Devil ſeldom fails,
To leave his chief Diſciples in the lurch,
We muſt, like Chriſtian Heroes, perſevere,
Till we have conquer'd even Hell and Him.

But. It may be done, nor will we yet deſpair;
And ſomething now ev'n points out his Deſtruction.
The *Holſtein* Duke, to gain no doubt his Friendſhip,
Has ſent him o'er a Set of *Frieſland* Mares;
In Shape and Aſpect beautiful and mild,
But fierce in Nature as the *Libyan* Lion.
Their Keeper that came with them, is an honeſt Fellow,
And well attach'd to Royalty and Right;
Who has been manag'd to declare his Mares
Have got ſuch generous and diſcerning Natures,
As only to be drove by generous Men.
Cromwell within this Hour to make Proof
Of their ſtrange bearing, and his own Nobleſſe,
Will mount the Box and drive them round the Park.
In which Career, if we are well inform'd,
He muſt inevitably break his Neck;
Unleſs a Miracle, to ſpare the Gallows,
Shou'd interpoſe, and change his Deſtiny:
But, leſt th' impetuous Madneſs of the Mares
Shou'd prove deficient for this fatal Purpoſe,
A Piſtol will be ſlipt into his Pocket,
That may ſupply us with another Chance.

Will. Wild is your Project, as the Mares can be.

A good Carbine, to ſhoot him on the Box,
By ſome good Markſman, wou'd give better Hopes,
And that ſhall be my Task. [*Going.*

Sey. Stay, Sir *Richard*, you muſt not leave us, till this Project is put in Execution. [*Stopping him.*

Will. I hope my Loyalty is not ſuſpected.

Sey. No, Sir *Richard*, it is only a Whim, a poſitive Temper of mine.

Will. Your Whim is no Reſtriction, Sir, to me.
I wear a Sword, and will be ſtopp'd by none.
[*Going to draw.*

But. You muſt pardon us, Sir *Richard*; this Reſtraint is owing to a Reſolution we came to, *Nemine contradicente*, juſt before you join'd us; and which, in proper time, ſhall be clear'd up to your Satisfaction.

Will. But I find myſelf ill, and muſt walk into the Air.

But. We will attend you, Sir *Richard*.

[*Exeunt all but* Herbert *and* Wentworth.

Herb. He is a Traitor, and his preſſing thus
To leave us, was but to prevent this Plot.

Went. Yes, that was the true Meaning of his Haſte,
To fire on *Cromwell* the bold Charioteer.
Alas, what Thiſtles over-run our Soil!
Who cou'd ſuſpect the Faith of ſuch a Man?
A Man ſo truſted, honour'd, and approv'd
By kingly Confidence: By Heav'n, I think
Our Royal Martyr lov'd him, and for this
Was he by all the Royaliſts careſs'd.

Herb. I'm ſorry to find a Cavalier ſo falſe.—But pray, Sir *Peter Wentworth*, what do you think of this Report of *Cromwell*'s ſelling himſelf to the Devil?

Went. In ſhort, Mr. *Herbert*, I think it a very idle Report: I have no Belief nor Conception of ſuch ſort of Bargains, or elſe the Man has Wickedneſs enough.

Herb.

Herb. I am told he's alter'd very much of late,
As if he fear'd ſome Power above himſelf:
That ſome Compunction now begins to peep,
And paints with Penitence the Gloom he wears.
Something of deep Concernment from within,
Speaks loud the wild Diſorders of his Soul:
And, notwithſtanding his Diſſimulation,
His Care and Caution, to diſguiſe his Crimes,
He has been lately overheard to broach
Moſt ſhocking Exclamations to himſelf;
And 'tis no wonder, if we but conſider
How much the Soul of Man's akin to Grace:
And tho' a while invelop'd, and depreſs'd
By groſs Carnality, and all its Luſts,
Near its Diſunion from the fading Body,
It beams a Brightneſs like its pure Original,
And ſhews an arduous Longing to be free.

Went. Remorſe was made to ſting the guilty Wretch,
Whoſe Crimes are hidden from the World's Inſpection.
With watchful Care it keeps his Eye-lids open,
Alarms his Peace, and terrifies his Fancy.
But as to *Cromwell*,
His Conſcience, like the branded Malefactor's Hand,
Is ſear'd and harden'd above all Impreſſion.
Relentleſs as a Stone, he ſtill continues
A ſenſeleſs, ſtupid Atheiſt in diſguiſe.
The Alteration that is ſeen in him,
Proceeds from Cauſes of another Kind;
From ſomething croſs, and hoſtile to his Will,
Which he expects ſhou'd be obey'd like Fate:
But let us after this Sir *Richard Willis*,
Whom he has brib'd to bring us to Deſtruction,
And try to counterplot his Machinations.
For notwithſtanding his refin'd Hypocriſy,

That

That bears the counterfeited Stamp of Loyalty,
We'll find a Way to countermine his Craft.
If not, we'll have recourſe to *Cromwell*'s Method,
Apply the never-failing Force of Gold,
And drive out one Corruption by another. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Whitehall.*

Cromwell *and* Ireton.

Iret. 'Tis ſaid, my Lord, you're ſelfiſh, and deſign
To reap the Fruit of all the War alone:
And with the hated Signature of Kingſhip,
To bind your own ambitious Brows at laſt.

Crom. Whoſe Arrogance preſumes to vent ſuch Lies?
The Cauſe of Liberty, in which I've ſtrove,
Will well acquit me from the Guilt of that.

Iret. Truths, like the Mid-day Sun, will not be hid:
Nor Thunder break the Air, and not be heard.
The Glare of Liberty, in which you ſhone,
And blinded all your faithful weak-ey'd Friends,
Is clouded now; and they can ſee the Man.
I, more than any one, have been deceiv'd:
I thought you honeſt, humble and religious,
A Friend to Juſtice, and the Commonwealth;
One like myſelf, that hated Pride and Tyranny,
And fought, and bled upon no other Principle.

Crom. Is this the Salutation of a Son?
Go hence, and learn Obedience to a Father:
Thou Rebel to thy Chief! For am not I
Thy Maſter, and ſuperior Officer?
Then whence proceeds this inſolent Preſumption,
That dares to challenge or aſperſe my Conduct?

Iret. The honeſt Senators of *Rome* were equal,
And none but Villains e'er aſpir'd to lord it:

Like

Like me, they hated Monarchy to Death,
And sacrific'd themselves, to keep their Freedom:
I am not blind to your ambitious Views;
I know your Drift is to ingross the Crown;
To reign despotic, and enslave the People:
But, ere I'll suffer such injurious Wrongs,
Such gross Abuse of popular Authority,
I'll sheath my Weapon in a Father's Bowels.

[*Drawing his Sword.*

Crom. [*Holds him.*] Inhuman Monster! Bloody-minded Parricide!
To what a Precipice does Passion hurry thee!
Hot-headed, frantic Zealot, tell me whom
Thou think'st more worthy to command a Kingdom
Than him that conquer'd it?

Iret. We all embark'd alike, with equal Fortune;
You were but one Adventurer in the Lot,
And had Associates of equal Merit;
Of equal Virtue, and of equal Valour:
Then where's the Claim of your Preeminence?
'Tis true, we trusted you to be our Chief;
Protector too: But does it therefore follow
That you must be our King? Our Plague, our Tyrant?
No. A King! —— I hate the very Name;
The haughty Sound is irksom to my Ear!
I had much rather feel a Dagger's Point,
Than be tormented with the bare Idea.

Crom. My Confidence in you was wrongly plac'd:
I thought you faithful, and of some Affection,
And therefore trusted you, without Reserve;
But find I am deceiv'd.

Iret. And know this too;
I'm not without Accomplices herein:
Your Friends all back me, and await your Answer;

And are resolv'd to follow your Ascent,
And hurl you headlong from the hateful Step.

Crom. Alas, my Son, be calm, and hear my Words
'Tis not for that dull Glory I contend;
The little Lustre that a Crown emits
Affects not me; howe'er you've been deceiv'd:
The brave and generous seek Rewards in Virtue,
And not in sordid Gold, and sparkling Stones;
Which Misers may possess in more abundance,
Without one Grain of Honesty or Merit:
But you're too bold, too careless of Decorum:
I'm yet your Father, Officer and Friend;
To whom a decent Deference is due.

Iret. If for the publick Welfare, and yourself,
My heedless Zeal has broke the Bounds of Duty,
I kneel a Suppliant to obtain your Pardon.

Crom. As ready to forgive, as you to ask;
Receive the Absolution you require:
But lest our Friends, from whom you were detach'd,
Shou'd ill Impressions from Surmises draw,
Return, and satisfy their fearful Doubts,
That I'm the same Republican I was:
And, notwithstanding my exalted Station,
That seems but one Degree below a Throne,
I've no Ambition, Avarice, or Pride;
But still remain an honest, private Man.

Iret. I hope, my Lord, your Declaration's real;
Yourself as firm as you were found at first,
When mountainous Oppression urg'd us on
To draw the Sword of Liberty and Justice:
Else I had rather you'd dispatch me here,
Than messenger me with so gross a Falshood.

Crom. By all that's sacred I will not be King:
With equal Rancour I abhor the Name:

Th

The Instruments of *Charles* wou'd put me on it,
On purpose to divide me from my Friends;
But I'm too well acquainted with their Guile:
'Tis true, I listen'd with an open Organ,
And seem'd to countenance their glittering Scheme;
But it was only to unlock their Hearts,
And find the Bottom of their deepest Secrets.

Iret. That gave your Friends Foundation for their Fear:
But if we've been mistaken in the Motive,
Our Zeal must make Atonement for the Wrong:
I'll fly to carry them the joyful Cure. [*Exit.*

Crom. My Fate is froward, treacherous and severe:
Like one that sees a Treasure at his Feet;
But being pinion'd, wants the Power to seize it,
And frets and gazes till the Day is spent:
But here comes one that will relieve my Care,
And ease the heavy Doubt that clogs my Soul.

Enter the Apparition.

App. Let not thy Daughter's crafty Husband, *Ireton*,
Dismay thee from thy noble, princely Purpose:
Maintain thy Port; and be the Scourge of *Europe*;
In spite of him, and all his rebel Friends.

Crom. Shall my Posterity enjoy the Dignity,
Which I shall leave them, to the end of Time?

App. Succeed they will,—but not so long a Season:
A distant Shoot, from one of *Charles's* Sisters,
Renown'd for Wisdom, Justice and Religion,
Shall come from *Germany*, and mount the Throne,
Whose valiant Sons, and beauteous, virtuous Daughters,
Shall give the better half of *Europe* Kings;
And rule this Island, till the end of Things. [*Exit.*

Crom. When airy Beings speak of Things below,
They dress their Words in Shadows, like themselves:

And as we're partial in our Application,
They leave Mankind but little more inform'd:
Howe'er, he bids me ſtill purſue my Purpoſe,
Maintain my Power, and terrify the World:
I will obey.—And, like a hanging Rock,
Fall down and cruſh my Enemies to Atoms!
The Wretch, whoſe Clamour wou'd control his Lord,
Or dare to call his Conduct into Queſtion,
Shall taſte a ſudden, unſuſpected Death,
Without a Moment to call out on Mercy.
Thus, with Deſtruction amplify'd, I'll ſtrike,
And puniſh Treachery Immortal-like:
The forked Dart, ſubſervient to my Nod,
Shall blaſt the envious Traitors like a God!
My angry Arm ſhall deaf'ning Thunder throw,
And ſink the Wretches into endleſs Woe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, Westminster - *Hall.*

The INAUGURATION.

Cromwell *on a Throne with his Hat on; attended by the Commissioners of the Great Seal, the Judges, Barons, Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Recorder. The Speaker of the House of Commons,* &c. *and the Officers of the Army, bare-headed: Soldiers at a distance.*

CROMWELL *Rising.*

MY Lords and Gentlemen, I promise to maintain, inviolate, my own Power, and your Liberties; to support Religion, Justice, Truth and Equity; and I will not infringe, alter, nor abolish any of the useful Laws, Statutes, Customs, or Privileges of this Land, whose Rule and Governance you have now put into my hands. I will also endeavour to heal the Wounds of this sore and bleeding Nation, and procure Peace to the People: That those that serve the Author of all Goodness, and walk in his Way, may be blessed thereby, and find Rest. [*Bows and sits down.*

The Commissioners deliver the Seal, the Lord Mayor the Sword and Cap to Cromwell, *which he returns again: The rest of the Officers,* &c. *bowing Homage at the same time. After which the Soldiers shout.*

Sold. Bleſs the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of *England*, *Scotland*, *France* and *Ireland!* Bleſs the Lord Protector of the Commonwealth.

[*Exeunt Omnes. In the following Order.*

The Great Officers of State, Cromwell, *Officers of the Army*, *Soldiers ſhouting*, Long live the Protector, *&c.*

SCENE, *Palace-Yard.*

Ludlow, Lambert *and* Harriſon.

Lud. This Pomp, my Friends, was haſtily adviſ'd,
Since Grandeur brings Concupiſcence of Power:
Nor knows Ambition where to ſtay her Courſe:
Who ſees not *Cromwell's* Drift, and dark Deſigns?
Tho' hatch'd in Hell; their Tendency is obvious:
For notwithſtanding he has reach'd the Throne,
That envy'd, lofty, certain Seat of Kingſhip,
And needleſs made the formal Ceremony,
He'll never reſt till he obtains the Crown,
And proves a greater Tyrant than the laſt.

Lamb. We ſaw the Error; but 'twas paſt recall:
The Morning-Dawn deliver'd us a Truth,
As clear and certain as its own bright Birth;
And much good Argument was thrown away,
To make Lord *Harriſon* and me believe
That Words were only arbitrary Sounds:
That Crowns and Scepters were but void Utenſils,
That rather follow'd, than confirm'd, Dominion:
That Ruler, Judge, Protector, King and General
Were all but Terms of equal Force and Meaning;
Which any Governor, at will, might chooſe,
And ſuffer no Impairment by the Lot.

Lud. Who cou'd advance ſuch Sophiſtry as that?

Lamb

Lamb. No leſs a Perſon, Sir, than *Cromwell's* ſelf.
Lud. Vile Artifice! Is this the virtuous Man,
Whom Heav'n, in pity to a wounded People,
Beſtow'd to heal, and vindicate their Rights!
He means no leſs than to be King forthwith.
Lamb. You've ſpoke his very Purpoſe and Deſign:
But we, when little he expected it,
Oppos'd, with Vigour, in our Country's Cauſe,
And vow'd to keep the Liberty w'had fought for:
At which, he ſternly ask'd for my Commiſſion,
And I, as boldly, threw it at his Feet.
Lud. 'Twas bravely done, and like thy freeborn ſelf:
O my Friend *Lambert*, ſuch another Villain
The Earth pollutes not with his baneful Shadow:
Perfidious Traitor, to thy Friends and Country!
Inſatiate Monſter of deſpotic Sway!
Scarce *Satan's* ſelf, when he rebell'd in Heaven,
And dar'd to attack the Throne of the Supreme;
Cou'd match thy impious and ſuperb Preſumption!
Whoſe thirſt of Rule will ſink thee to Perdition,
And make Hell bluſh at ſuch ſuperior Pride.
Har. O *Ludlow*, *Ludlow*, I am griev'd to ſee
The Vale of Wretchedneſs we're fallen into!
What Hazards we have run to gain the Goal,
And now muſt loſe the precious Prize we ſtrove for!
This publick Promiſe, to defend Religion,
And rule with Juſtice, Equity and Truth,
Is nothing but a Cheat, a dull Device
To gull the Nation, and to crown himſelf.
Lud. He cou'd not build his Edifice without it:
The Promiſes of baſe, deſigning Men,
When they're intruſted with a new Command,
Are Inſtruments of Art, like Saws and Hammers,
That ſerve for every mercenary Purpoſe:

But, by this Arm, and by my Sword, I ſwear,
He ne'er ſhall reach the gilded Cloud he graſps at:
The Friends of Liberty eſpouſe the Cauſe;
And, fir'd with juſt Reſentment of their Wrongs,
Indignant arm, to cruſh the haughty Tyrant,
And ſhew the Rights that *Engliſhmen* are born to:
Men were made equal, all the Sons of *Adam*;
And all his Heirs, in common, to the Earth:
Then whence can any one pretend a Power
To lord it o'er his leſs ambitious Brethren?
The Brutes, and Birds, and all the whole Creation,
But Man, the principal of all, are free:
Then what avails our Reaſon and our Faculties,
By which we boaſt Diſtinction from the reſt,
Since they enjoy a perfect, boundleſs Freedom,
And we are only Slaves to one another?
Kings were but choſen for the ſake of Order;
To ſerve the People, for the People's ſake;
To be the foremoſt in the time of Danger,
And break the furious onſet of the Foe:
O happy *Rome*, with what a Guſt I envy
Thy generous Sentiments of Liberty!
Thrice happy Country, where thy freeborn Sons
Were train'd, and nurtur'd in ſuch glorious Principles!
With what an Ardour did their noble Virtue
Exert its Power againſt the haughty *Tarquins!*
With what becoming Fortitude they join'd
To murder *Cæſar*, and ſupport the State!

Lamb. Britons, who boaſt of Liberties as large,
Deſpiſe baſe *Cromwell* more than *Rome* did *Cæſar*;
Whoſe ſudden Fall now ſeems as neceſſary
To ſave the ſickly, tottering Commonwealth.

Har. To puniſh Pride, and cruſh the riſing Tyrant,
Are Works of Merit, in the Eyes of Heaven:

But

But to deſtroy the Prince of Tyranny,
Whoſe Pride exults in trampling o'er three Kingdoms;
Will be a glorious, never-dying Act,
And pleaſe the immortal, holy King of Grace!
Whoſe univerſal Monarchy we want,
And every Day, with joyful Longings, look for.

Lud. I doubt the Inſpirations you're ſo fond of
Will fail both you, and all your zealous Friends:
The King, whoſe Glory's inacceſſible,
Can dart a Beam, and rectify the World,
Without deſcending from his radiant Throne:
Let us no longer reſt on Hopes ſo diſtant,
Or dare to think of Journeymen in Heaven:
Our Strength and Valour were beſtow'd for ſomething
Beyond the Eaſe and Idleneſs of Hope:
The *Jews*, deluded by Imagination
Of ſuch Fore-knowledge, and peculiar Favour,
Are Marks of Folly, which, two thouſand Years,
Aiming at Heaven, ſtill inherits Air.——
So, let's proceed this Moment to diſpatch him,
And pacify the Wrath of angry Heaven:
His Blood may expiate the Kingdom's Guilt,
And ſtay the Puniſhment our Sins deſerve.

Lamb. This is the Criſis of his Deſtiny:
Now, drunk with Pomp, and giddy with his Grandeur,
His uſual Caution idly basks in Sunſhine:
His Jealouſies and Fears are charm'd to ſleep,
And dream of nought but ſplendid Happineſs:
But now like *Philip* King of *Macedonia*,
Amidſt his Triumphs is he doom'd to fall.

Lud. Damn'd Hypocrite! Diſſembling, canting Villain!
This Wretch, with mocking the moſt High, has been
The zealous Trumpeter of Godlineſs:
And now regardleſs of his Friends, and Heaven,

Wou'd

Wou'd bind his Brethren in the Chains of Slavery :
But I've a Piſtol for his putrid Heart,
A cooling Bullet for his boiling Blood,
That, without giving Time for Penitence,
Shall ſend his unprepared Soul to Hell. [*Exeunt.*

Cromwell *diſcover'd, ſitting at a Table, reading* Plutarch's *Lives. He ſhuts the Book.*

Crom. Exact the Parallel in *Julius Cæſar*,
Who ſtrove by all the Arts that Man cou'd climb,
Or Policy invent, to be a King!
But his unlucky Stars, like mine, oppos'd,
And ſtopt the Progreſs of the World's Dictator :
What ſignifies the Pomp I now have gain'd,
Deficient of that glorious, godlike Title,
Which only can aſſwage my Thirſt of Power!
How wrongly did I wreſt the dubious Senſe
Of that infernal, doubtful Inſpiration,
That, like the lying Oracles of old,
Miſled me by a double Subterfuge!
Thus, partial to myſelf, I bore in Mind
The Scope and Tenor of the Spectre's Words,
Which told me I was pre-ordain'd to be
The greateſt Man in *England* ere I dy'd :
Which, by an evil Error in Ideas,
I conſtru'd to be nothing leſs than King.——
True, I am now that Man, that greateſt Man,
That keeps not only *England* in Obedience,
But all the Kings and Potentates in *Europe:*
My Thunder brings proud *Mazarine* to Reaſon,
And blocks the Harbours of the haughty *Spaniards* ;
Deters the *Dutch* from ſtirring out of Port,
And makes the *Pope* and Popery to tremble :
But yet theſe Honours, great as they appear,

Are

Are none to me.—not King, I have no Crown,
No outward ſparkling Glory on my Brow,
To gild my Actions, and adorn my Annals,—
A Crown! no, never will it be my Lot.
My Family, and inmoſt Friends forbid it.
I muſt not think on't;—nor my Actions paſt:
Reflexion flings me farther on the Rack:
And like the Tiger, taken in the Toil,
The more I labour, I'm the more entangl'd.
Can there be Torture in another World,
More ſtinging than a guilty Mind in this?
A Conſcience, burden'd with ſo many Crimes,
Finds Hell enough on Earth.—But why this Fear?
This baby Cowardiſe of Conſcience,
That chills my Vitals like an Ague Fit!
'Tis but the Frailty of my daſtard Fleſh;
A ſhatter'd, crazy Tenement of Clay;
My Soul is Wildfire, not to be extinguiſh'd,
By the vain Terrors of Hereafter. No;
Let come what will, *Cromwell* ſhall ſtand prepar'd;
Be once again himſelf, and bid defiance
To all the ſhadowy Grounds of idle Fear.

Enter Ireton *diſtracted.*

Iret. Blood, Blood, Blood! I will have Blood!
This is Claret, Boy, but I want Blood!
Where are the bluſtring Cavaliers,
The wicked Wights that want a King?
The Rainbow rains, and runs a gallop!
My damn'd Lieutenant has got the Itch,
But I can cure't by praying; ay, ay, that I can.
Are you a Royaliſt? Save your Honour.
My Soul is ſav'd by Sequeſtration:
See there,—it Lightens—Moonſhine as blue as Blood!

Crom.

Crom. What can this mean? Know'ſt thou me not, my Son? ——

Iret. Self-ſeeking Men, as red as any Roſe!
Give me more Blood; I ſay, more Blood!
Hew 'em, hew 'em, down with 'em, Boys!
[*Strikes the Air.*
My Wife's a Whore, and cannot ſpeak.
Margery's mad, and I have but Eighteen Pence.—
O *Bradſhaw*, the Cow gives Milk, inſtead of Blood!
[*Runs off.*
After 'em, after 'em, I will have more Blood —

Crom. What a Misfortune's this! Alas, poor *Ireton!*
Few are my Friends, and faſt they fall away,
Like Winter Apples on a windy Day.
This Life's a Summer Seaſon, and no more;
An *April* Shower begins our Vegetation;
In *May* we bloom, and beautify the Earth
With one of Nature's greateſt Curioſities;
In *June* we blow, and revel upon Sunſhine;
Till *July* changes all our Flowers to Fruit:
In *Auguſt* we mature; *September* droop;
And mellow to Decay and Rottenneſs!

Enter Mrs. Claypole.

Clay. O my good Lord,
My Brother *Ireton* has ſeen a Ghoſt!
A Ghoſt all bloody, like the late King *Charles!*
Whoſe dire Appearance has diſturb'd his Brain,
And drove him into Madneſs. ——

Crom. A Ghoſt! And like the late King *Charles!* —— Daughter,
I wou'd read.—Go fetch the *Crumbs of Comfort.*

Clay. I hope my Father's well.

Crom. A little aguiſh, that's all. — Go fetch the Book.

Clay.

Clay. 'Tis here, Sir.

[*Takes it out of a Chair, and presents it open'd.*

Crom. No, Child, it is no Matter. ——

[*Waves it away with his Hand.*

My Eyes grow dim, and every Line looks double,
My Head is giddy, and my Knee-bones knock:
A heavy, foggy, Atmosphere surrounds me,
That clogs my Spirits, and retards their Motion.
I'm ill all over.

Clay. Shall I send for the Doctor, Sir?
Who waits there? Quickly, quickly. [mend apace.

Crom. No, Daughter, no; I'll have no Doctor. I

Clay. Y'had better lose a little Blood, my Lord.

Crom. O name it not, you make me worse.
I've lost too much of that, my Child, already.
The *Meer of Whittlesea* wou'd scarce contain
The Blood I've lost in Waste and Wantonness.
Where is your Mother?

Clay. I left her in her own Apartment.
I'll send her Notice you require her Presence. [*Going.*

Crom. O leave me not; I wou'd not be alone. ——
O my dear Daughter, heavy sit my Crimes. ——

Clay. Confess to Heav'n, and try the Judge's Mercy.
Your Guilt, tho' great, may find a Counterpoise,
In him who suffer'd for the World's Salvation:
Since there's more Joy for one repenting Sinner
Than ninety nine of those we call the Just.

Crom. Oh, it is now too late; I'm too far gone.
The impious Power that has so long misled me,
Now thwarts my Aptitude for pious Acts,
And makes my Mind insensible to Goodness.
Alas, thou think'st, like superstitious Bigots,
Omnipotence, if warmly press'd and pray'd to,
Must needs forgive, as oft as we offend:

No,

No, my Sins are ſuch as not to be forgiv'n:
Clay. The Mercy, Sir, of Heav'n is infinite,
Conſid'ring well the Frailty of Mankind,
And making large Allowances for Nature.
Be comforted, good Sir—See, who comes here?

Enter Mrs. Cromwell, Henry Cromwell, *and* Goodwin.

My Brother *Henry* from *Ireland!*

H. Crom. Sir, your Bleſſing.

Crom. Thou ſhar'ſt a Father's beſt Benevolence:
But Bleſſings come from better Beings, Son.
I'm glad to ſee you.

Clay. My Father is not well. His Mind's diſturb'd.—
Brother, you are welcome to *England.*

H. Crom. I thank you, Siſter. [your Father?

Mrs. Crom. Pray, Daughter, what's the matter with

Clay. My Heart's too heavy, Madam, now to tell you.
He is, I doubt, as wretched as we fear'd. [*Weeps.*

Mrs. Crom. How is it, my Dear?

Crom. A Heavineſs, like Lead, hangs round my Heart,
And tells me I have little Time to live;
Therefore wou'd willingly ſee all my Family,
Before I leave this tranſitory World.
But grieve not at my unexpected Death,
Our Diſſolution muſt come ſoon or late;
I've made my Will, and ſettl'd my Affairs,
Againſt this fatal, final, bitter Day.—— [Wife,

Mrs. Crom. Such Words are wounding to a tender
Whoſe ſole Exiſtence is wrapp'd up in thine.
But I have Hopes this deſp'rate Apprehenſion
Proceeds from ſome Diſorder of the Mind,
Which Chearfulneſs and Prayer will quickly cure.

Good. I hope your Highneſs won't ſo ſoon be happy;
Nor we, your People, ſo ſoon deſolate.

It

He's not to plead, but fruſtrate his Arraignment.
By which Device he will be deem'd contemptuous;
And may, by ſtanding mute, be preſs'd to Death.
Iret. 'Twill ſave much Time and Trouble to the Court;
And ſhew his wilful and imperious Nature.
Crom. Your Information may be wrongly grounded;
Or he may waver in his Reſolution:
Therefore, I hope, your Lordſhip is prepar'd
For all his Wiles, Inconſtancy, and Skill:
For he has ſtudy'd pretty much himſelf,
The Laws of *England*, and of other Nations,
And will be powerful in his Defence.
Brad. My Lord, I am.
But what will ſignify his beſt Defence,
Tho' ne'er ſo ſtrong, and skilfully concerted?
Is he not doom'd already to the Block?
Beſides, the Charge is ſo profoundly drawn,
Which *Cooke*, our new Solicitor, will puſh
Beyond the common Forms of Law and Juſtice,
That were his Character as white as Snow,
As clear and ſpotleſs as the brighteſt Sunſhine,
It wou'd be blacken'd, by this Accuſation,
To one as foul, as e'er appear'd at Bar.
Iret. To bring about this ſalutary Work,
No Juſtice, Forms, or Law muſt be regarded.
Reſolv'd, we muſt go on; and ſtick at nothing,
However new, inhuman, or illegal.
The Army is our own; and, we can back
Our neceſſary Wants, with their Aſſiſtance.
No matter, tho' our Foes malign the Manner,
Since they'll applaud no Method we can take.
Yet more; Self-preſervation bids us, on,
Without regard to Pity, or Remorſe:
For we are ſeeking to deſtroy a Tyrant,

A Man of Blood, that will diſtend no Mercy
To us, nor to our Friends, if we releaſe him.
For what Security can make us ſafe?
What Bonds that can't be broke, or Acts not null'd,
When he's poſſeſs'd of abſolute Dominion?
Diſtaſte is never wanting of the Means
To bring the diſaffected into Danger:
Nor ever yet did Power want Aſſiſtance,
To ſtretch Suſpicion into grounded Guilt.

Brad. Your Sentiments are beautiful, and well become
The ſhining Character your Merit bears:
In which your Skill has artfully collected
Such Images as muſt unhinge all Doubt.
The Lion now has run into the Toils,
Which all his Hunters cou'd not drive him into.
And ſhall we loſe him, only on the Hope
That we can run him down whene'er we will?
No, let's conſider—He may face about;
And, arm'd, by Nature, to deſtroy Mankind,
Tear his Purſuers, and eſcape for ever.

Crom. Like freeborn *Engliſhmen* you juſtly argue,
And build each Sentence on the Force of Reaſon.
Your Words, like Mirrors, image true Reſemblance,
And bring the Vengeance of our Wrongs in View;
Which ſeek Redreſs, and ſpeedily ſhall have it.—
Come, let us go. By now, our Friends are met,
And want, no doubt, the worthy Preſident,
To open, and to hold the Court of Juſtice:
Where injur'd Liberty may ſtretch her Neck,
And dare to taunt the Tyrant to his Face. [*Going.*

Brad. But ſtay, my Lord,
There's one Thing more, that none of us have thought on:
An Executioner.

Crom. 'Tis very true; and of the laſt Importance;

Since

Since few will care to undertake the Task:
And 'tis a Service not to be compell'd,
Or forc'd on any one, where Will is wanting.
Iret. Alas, our Power is impotent indeed!
If we, who've cut Delinquency in twain,
And have both Life and Fortunes in our Gift,
Can want an able Miniſter for this:
Is *Charles* a Saint? Or is he Murder-Proof?
Wears he Divinity, or can convert
The hardy Headſman to a Proſelyte?
No———
The Man's meer Man; and ſcarcely has Humanity
Enough to ſort him from a Beaſt of Prey:
Let us but ſet the Pulpiteers to work,
And they'll ſoon find a Workman to our Wiſh.
Hugh Peters, ſingly, can inſpire five hundred;
That joyfully wou'd ſuffer even Martyrdom,
To gain the Merit of deſtroying him.
Crom. In caſe the common Hangman ſhou'd refuſe,
Or be diſpirited by undue Influence,
I've thought of one, on whom we may depend:
Th' intrepid *Joyce*, inſenſible to Fear,
Of Heaven or Hell, or any Power exiſting,
Will readily and boldly undertake
To end the daring Work himſelf began.
Let *Peters* ſound him, as his own meer Motion,
And try, by diſtant Hints, how he's affected;
That we, in time, may not be unprovided,
In caſe his unſuſpected Reſolution
Shou'd vary from the Point it us'd to fix at.
Iret. It ſhall be done—But *Joyce* is grown hot-headed,
Factious and diſcontented with your Favours,
And rates us in his Debt.
Crom. No matter. This will raiſe his Expectations,

And give him Colour for a greater Claim,
Which we can satisfy with Ease hereafter,
By shooting him for a foul Mutineer:
Such the Reward I gave the Agitators,
Who, undesigning, serv'd my secret Purpose,
And gave the mortal Wound to *Charles* and Monarchy.
Then stay we not to seize the captive State,
And raise our common Empire on his Fate. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *WHITEHALL.*

Enter BUTLER *and* SEYMOUR.

SEYMOUR.

WELL, my Friend *Butler*, what News bring you from the Devil's Tribunal; the High Court of Justice?

But. Most shocking News, too horrid to repeat.

Sey. Oh, let me hear it, be it e'er so black.

But. O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, at the King's Distress, I can't describe the Horrors I have seen.

Sey. Tho' I must hear it with a painful Ear;
Yet speak the Treatment of the injur'd Prince,
Whom they have brought, in mockery of Justice,
To hear Contagion from their blasting Lips.

But. Know then, that as the pious, captive King,
Patient and meek, was passing through his Guards,
(A pack of Blood-Hounds, like the infernal Crew,
That guard each Avenue that leads to Heav'n,)

Some

Some of the Villains with moſt impious daring
Spit in the Face of ſacred Majeſty.——
Sey. Spit in his Face!—Oh! Inſolence prophane!
What ſaid the ſuffering Saint? [kerchief.
But. Nothing.—But wip'd it, mildly, with his Hand-
When preſently another, with a lighted Pipe,
Puff'd the hot, hated Fumes of his Tobacco,
Full in the Noſtrils of th' afflicted King.
Others, to mock the waining Monarch's Fall,
Strew'd broken Pipes, and Potſherds in his way:
And one poor, honeſt Soul, for only ſaying,
The Lord above be merciful unto him,
Was ſtraight knock'd down, and never roſe up more.
Soldiers, inſtructed by their baſe Commander,
The ſavage *Axtel*, once a Grocer's Prentice,
Set fire to Powder in their open Palms,
And flaſh'd the ſuffocating, helliſh Sulphur,
Like miniſterial Devils, in his Face.
Sey. You ſtab me deeper than a Dagger's Length.
But. Others in different Herds, cry'd Juſtice, Juſtice!
And ſome bawl'd out for Execution ſtraight:
As if the King had darted Poiſon round him,
And wou'd contaminate the Air he breath'd in.
Sey. Moſt execrable Villains!
But. And one officious Raſcal, rudely preſt
The King, to purge his ſpotleſs Soul to him:
To make Confeſſion of his Father's Murder,
The *Iriſh* Maſſacre, and *Strafford*'s Guilt.
Sey. No more:—It is too much for human Patience.—
But is the King acquitted or condemn'd?
But. Neither, as yet: For he diſputes the Power
Which they aſſume, to judge their lawful King.
And, till in that they give him Satisfaction,
Refuſes boldly to be try'd at all.

Sey. Oh with what Luſtre does true Majeſty
Dart its keen, princely Rays thro' all Misfortunes!
The Sun, tho' clouded round with haizy Vapours,
Leaves not the World in doubt that it is Day.
Charles, tho' in Fetters, is imperial ſtill.

But. Alas, no Obſtacle can ſtop the Villains,
That dare to call their Sovereign to a Bar!
The King's Refuſal is a dangerous Snare,
Which neither he, nor all his Friends foreſaw:
For *Bradſhaw*, with a quaint Device of *Satan*'s,
Has by Refinement, made it a Contempt,
Of equal Penalty with ſtanding Mute,
Or pleading guilty to their foul Indictment.

Sey. O *England*'s Genius, whither art thou fled?
Or what dire Subſtitute now fills thy Place?
That Heaven's anointed King, thy eldeſt Care,
Shou'd meet ſuch barbarous, ignominious Treatment!
Inhuman, upſtart Dog, vile Petty-fogger!
Unworthy to behold the Face of Day,
Much leſs to ſit in Judgment on his King!
But this is *Cromwell*'s matchleſs Policy.
Oh cou'd we eaſe the Earth of ſuch a Burden,
As that Arch-rebel makes her bear with Sorrow,
Gladly all Nature wou'd rejoice and riſe,
Which now ſhrinks back at his atrocious Name.

But. What Method can be took to do't with Safety?

Sey. Safety, my Friend! talk not to me of Safety,
When Good ſo infinite attends the Danger.—
And can'ſt thou think that *Seymour* wants a way?
Here's what will reach him; and it is but loſing
[*Shewing a Piſtol.*
This worthleſs Life, to balance with the Traitor's,
And ſerve my King, my Country, and my God!

But. Your Zeal, my worthy Friend, outſteps your
Reaſon, An

And makes you careleſs of a Life, more worth
Than whole Battalions of ſuch Lives as his.

Sey. 'Tis my devoted Purpoſe, firm Reſolve.
And if I'm happy in the Execution,
To piece-meals let their furious Vengeance tear me,
And linger out my Exit Inch by Inch;
Rack me with all the new-invented Tortures,
Their Friend the Devil, and themſelves can ſtudy:
Gladly I'll ſuffer, and be Years in dying;
Only to reap that ſingle Satisfaction.
Behold an Opportunity, the moſt adroit,
The Traitor now is coming from the Court.
Fly, fly, and farewel, Friend, leſt you're involv'd,
And brought in queſtion for an Act my own.
[*Puſhes him off.*
And now, juſt Heaven, direct the Bullet right,
That it may reach the Villain's canker'd Heart.

Enter Cromwell, Ireton, *and* Peters,

At the ſecond Entrance; whilſt Seymour *ſteps to another Wing, and, round the Corner, fires a Piſtol at* Cromwell's *Breaſt, and runs off.*

Crom. Have mercy, Heaven! [Villain.
Iret. How is my Lord? *Peters*, run, and ſtop the
Peters. Treaſon, Treaſon! Shall I call the Guard?
Crom. No, no, it is no matter. Th' Aſſaſſin's known.
'Twas *Seymour.*—But, the Lord be prais'd, I'm well.
A friendly Button broke the Bullet's Force,
And ſav'd my honeſt Heart for better Purpoſes.
Pet. This is a great Deliverance indeed!
Iret. Vile, daring, barbarous Dog! What Life's ſecure,
If ſuch fell Ruffians are allow'd to range!
Both Saints and Sinners walk in equal Danger:

Self-preſervation, Nature's premier Law,
Calls loudly for the total Extirpation
Of every Branch of that corrupted Party.
Their Chief arraign'd, denies our Juriſdiction:
For which Default, and this, we muſt proceed
To haſten Judgment, and his Execution.

Crom. It ſhall be done, and done directly too,
Leſt ſome mad buſy Demon intervene,
And ſo divert the Courſe of Heavenly Juſtice.
Let him be decollated on a Scaffold
Erected at his own forſaken Gates:
That *Haman* like, he may be ſignaliz'd,
And meet a ſeaſonable Recrimination,
For all his Wickedneſs againſt the Faithful.

Pet. Spoke like a Prophet.
But, to make the Type compleat,
Let him be hang'd, much rather than beheaded,
For ſuch a Gallows wou'd fulfil the Scripture.

Crom. Were we to act by Meaſure, his Deſerts
Wou'd raiſe a Gibbet for him ten times higher:
But we muſt pleaſe the People, who may ſuffer
His Exit one way, tho' they won't the other.
Haſte, [*To* Ireton.] and let *Bradſhaw* know how we're compell'd
To drive his lingering Fate for our own Safety.
Let him prepare the Court for paſſing Judgment,
Since *Charles's* Silence ſpeaks him loudly guilty.

Iret. Neceſſity is paramount to Law;
By which the Wiſe will vindicate our Conduct,
And ſay we did what *Cato* wou'd have done.

Pet. Yea, it's very true; go we then together.

[*Exeunt* Pet. *and* Iret.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Claypole.

Clay. Good Day to my Lord and Father.

Crom. My Daughter *Claypole*, a good Day to thee:
But why thoſe Looks of Anguiſh and of Sorrow?

Clay. O Sir, I'm ſtrangely griev'd at your Proceedings,
And thoſe of this unwarrantable Court.
My boding, bleeding Heart foretels Deſtruction
Muſt follow hard upon this impious Act.
Charles, tho' miſled, is yet our rightful King,
By Law, by Birthright, and the Kingdom's Suffrage;
Anointed by the Hands we then call'd holy,
In Sight of Heaven, and the applauding Nation.

Crom. 'Tis true, my Daughter. But who made that Law?

Clay. You know I only can reply, the People:
And from that Anſwer you'll an Inference draw,
That thoſe that build a Houſe may pull it down.
But, oh, remember, ere you ſtrike, the Ark
Was fatal to the Touch of careful *Uzzah*.
Then let not ſuch dull Sophiſtry miſlead
My honour'd, injur'd, public-minded Father:
For Heaven's Indulgence to our Crimes below,
Suſpends the Bolt but till the Meaſure's full:
Forgets not, but forbears, until our Sins
Are ripe for Satan's everlaſting Fires. [Breaſt

Crom. Your Words are wounding, and wou'd ſhock the
Of any Mortal, not well arm'd with Innocence.
But, cou'd they dart more deep, they wou'd not touch
The faultleſs Duty of Obedience.
I'm but the Servant of the Commonwealth,
And bound, by Oath, their Orders to obey:
So *Charles's* Death, if e'er it comes to that,
Muſt not be charg'd to mine, but their Account.

Clay. Forgive me, Sir, if Duty for your Safety

Prompts

Prompts me beyond the Decency of Rules;
'Tis filial Piety that makes me bold,
And dare to call what you assert in question.
Most of the Vermin, that you now call Masters,
Are wicked, cringing Creatures of your own:
That only move as you direct the Helm,
And dare do nought but what you dictate to 'em.
I heard your Orders to my brother *Ireton*;
Whose Animosity's so firmly rooted,
That, like a Falcon striking at a Dove,
He flies impetuous to outdo Command.
But kindest, dearest, venerable Father,
Call, O recal, before it is too late,
Your over-hasty Orders for his Sentence. [Daughter,

Crom. Why labours thus, my dearest, best-lov'd
To save the greatest Enemy I have?
Charles is the only Bar to my Ambition,
The Nation's Happiness, and our own Safety:
His worthless Life a Faction keeps alive,
That every Day conspires thy Father's Death:
See here this broken Button, scarce yet cold,
Thus torn by one of their malignant Bullets;
Discharg'd by *Seymour's* bloody Hand, just now,
With murderous Purpose, at my spotless Heart.

Clay. Oh, you've confirm'd me now in all my Fears!
Stop, my dear Father, I conjure you, stop,
And do not execute your Purpose on the King.
His Friends are Furies, and will never cease
Attempts like this, tho' ne'er so rash and desperate,
'Till they have laid you welt'ring in your Gore,
A ghastly, lifeless Sacrifice to him.

Crom. Your Fears are womanish, and have no weight
On one so daily conversant with Dangers:
Death is a Debt we all must some time pay;

And

And he, that fears the Time, dies more than once.
But I've a supernatural Protection;
A Guard invisible, of no earthly Kind,
That keeps me hurtless, in the Time of Danger:
In whom I trust, above the Arm of Flesh,
The brazen Breast-plate, or the Coat of Steel.

Clay. Oh how those shadowy Words increase my Fears!
And more confirm me in the Truth of Rumour.
Tell me, O tell me, dearest Parent, tell me,
What Explication hangs upon their Tenor.

Crom. What is the Rumour? Pr'ythee tell to me.

Clay. That your Successes in the Field and Senate,
In which you triumph over all Opposers,
Are not th' Atchievements of a mortal Power,
But those of some fell Minister of Darkness.

Crom. Thus wicked, ignorant, undeserving Men,
Interpret all the Gifts that they partake not,
To come from Hell, much rather than from Heaven;
Because they've no Acquaintance with the latter.
Good Angels guard the Actions of good Men;
And one, that long since promis'd I shou'd prove
The greatest Man in *England*, ere I dy'd,
Has guided me in all my Actions since. [*Knocking without.*
But, Daughter, hence.—The Noise you hear forewarns
The swift Approach of him we now discourse of:
A Warning, to expect me by myself,
To hear some weighty, necessary Secret.

Clay. Mercy, good Heaven, and defend my Father!
But, O Sir, I must beg you'll let me stay,
And see this faithful visionary Messenger. [*Knock again.*

Crom. That Knock forbids it.—On your Duty hence.
[*Pushes her off gently.*

Clay. O holy, blessed, Everlasting——! [*Exit.*

An

An Apparition in a long Cloke rises.

Appar. Do not obey the Dictates of thy Daughter;
Nor yet recede from what thou hast design'd:
Destroy the Captive King, and raise thy self,
To rule despotic over his Dominions. [*Sinks.*

Crom. That Acquisition is my only Point;
The sole and perfect End of my Ambition:
The Crown of all my Study, and my Toil,
Dissimulation, Perfidy, and Bloodshed:
The Prize, for which I've sacrific'd myself,
My Country, Conscience, Quiet, and my Soul.

Enter Hugh Peters.

Peters. My Lord, I've spoken with *Joyce*, about the Execution of the Criminal, and he has recommended me to *Hewlet*, as a much properer Headsman: For being by Trade a Butcher, and used to such sort of Business, he thinks he'll be very dextrous at it.

Crom. I wou'd have one that can do it well. The cleaner it is done, Master *Peters*, the less Pity it will create. Care must be taken that he is not out of the way. 'Twill be no bad Method, to secure him with a Guard. I'll have it so. And to bar Accidents, as he may be ill, or incapable, I'll have another Headsman ready on the Scaffold. So find me out some other dextrous Butcher like himself. [other.

Peters. My Lord, 'tis needless.——We shall want no
The Man's resolv'd;
Is ignorant, zealous, needy, and inhuman.
And when I broke the bloody Bus'ness to him,
He wou'd not stay to hear the great Reward,
But wish'd impatiently to do the Work.
But still, to gratify your Circumspection,
There shall be one in whom you may confide,

Of

Of Strength, Activity, and Zeal sufficient.
I'll wait myself, upon the great Event,
Disguis'd in coarse Apparel, like the Hangman,
With Visage mask'd, and weapon'd with an Ax,
I'll mount the Scaffold, and support the Headsman:
Or on Occasion do the sacred Deed.

Crom. Your zealous Service shan't go unrewarded.

Peters. O that the whole malignant Band of Sin,
The Cavaliers had but one single Neck,
With Joy and Vigour I should lift the Ax,
To coup Oppression, Tyranny and Pride.

Crom. How does the Pris'ner bear his close Confinement?

Peters. With his usual Pride, and sullen Disposition.

Crom. Shews he no Contrition?

Peters. No, my Lord, he's quite obstinate, like a Heathen as he is.
I have try'd to bring him to a Sense of his Condition,
And have offer'd him my Mediation with the Powers above;
But vain my Admonition and Endeavours.
He——

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, one of the Commissioners from *Scotland*, desires to be admitted.

Crom. Let him come in. [*Exit* Gent.
I can prognosticate his Bus'ness here.
But his Solicitation is in vain,
However earnest.—I shall only temporize,
And keep him in suspense, till *Charles* is dead.

Enter Commissioner.

Com. My Lord, I have brought you Salutations from the Parliament of *Scotland*.

Crom.

Crom. Sir, I receive 'em with all due Reverence.

Com. The *Scotch* Nation, are Men of Honour and Integrity; and calling to mind the Tenor of the Covenant, by which they ſwore to preſerve, inviolate, the Perſon of the King; and underſtanding that he is now in imminent Danger from the High-Court of Juſtice, of which your Honour is a principal Member, they have ſent me to ſignify their diſlike, and to proteſt againſt ſuch extraordinary Proceedings.

Crom. Sir, I hope the Parliament of *Scotland* have well conſider'd the Nature of the Regal Power—Kings have their Authority only in Truſt from the People, and a Breach of Truſt in a King, is a more flagrant Crime than it can be in any other Perſon. By the Covenant, we are bound to bring all Malignants and Incendiaries to condign Puniſhment: And ſhou'd we now excuſe the grand Offender of all, what will the World ſay of our Juſtice? Won't they call it partial? Have you not puniſh'd thoſe that join'd with *Montroſe*, and other leſs Delinquents, that only acted by Commiſſion from the King? And wou'd you let the Principal of all Eſcape?

Com. If the Parliament of *England* perſiſts in this Thing, it will make a Breach between the two Nations; which, I ſay, Heaven forbid. But we expect to have the King us'd with Honour and Dignity.

Crom. Sir, the Parliament of *England* are Men of the greateſt Godlineſs, and walk uprightly in all their Doings.

Peters. Yea, and ſeek the Truth early and late, and never enter upon any Work, without Prayer, Faſting, and Humiliation. And if the Heart of *Charles* is become ſincere, and he truly repent himſelf of the Evil, and will take the Covenant, and remain ſtedfaſt, not a Hair of his Head ſhall fall to the Ground: For the Parliament of *England* does every thing in the Fear of the moſt High.

Com.

think of Liberty, and act like Men.

Iret. Perhaps, ſome empty Buſtle may be made:
t—when 'tis done, and cannot be recall'd,
me will ſoon eat the Edge of its Malignity,
d mould its Memory to a muſty Tale.

Crom. I'm loſt in Thought, in Diffidence and Doubt!

Iret. *Cæſar* was troubl'd with the Falling-ſickneſs,
Qualm, we may ſuppoſe, like this of yours:
t his, were Actions of a ſable Dye;
ſought but to enſlave the Commonwealth;
hilſt your great Purpoſe is to ſet one free.
is true,
he Regiſter above is hard to read:
t, as we know our Principles are juſt,
d Heaven has thus permitted us to rule,
r Cauſe, altho' diſcolour'd, muſt be honeſt.
ceſs, by which the World in general
eighs the eternal Will, has yet been ours,
d crown'd our ſtruggling Liberty with Conqueſt.
Newberry, *Naſeby*, and at *Marſton-Moor*,
e've rais'd new Mountains with our ſlaughter'd Foes;
d dy'd the Brooks and Rivers with their Blood;
duc'd each Caſtle, Garriſon, and Town,
d bound the Mighty-one of all in Fetters!
which we ſee, that what is pre-ordain'd,
not to be revers'd by Man's Ability.
r Man's but Man, and can no more atchieve
an Heaven permits:
d he that's born to die a Death inglorious,
t pants in vain to mend his evil Lot.

Crom. What is the Hour?

Iret. 'Tis after nine.—By now the Court is met;
let us hence, and with the Speed of Time,
ark out the meaſur'd Moments of his Fate.

Oh,

Oh, with what Innocence the dead Man ſleeps!
No Dreams diſturb the Softneſs of his Slumber!
Harmleſs as Down, he takes a ſweet Repoſe,
And reſts ſecure in everlaſting Peace.
This Day will prove the Harveſt of our Hopes;
Let's haſte, to crop the golden-headed Grain;
Leſt the plump Corn, with over-ripeneſs drop,
And leave us only Straws and Chaff to gather.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, a Gentleman, whoſe Name is *Bradſhaw*, deſires to be admitted. [*Ex*

Crom. Introduce him.——The Preſident is come
To call us to the Court.

Iret. We muſt concert ſome popular Pretence
To blind the public, and cajole the weak;
Leſt ſome frail Members ſhou'd have Qualms of Conſcience,
And call the Nation's Sanative, a Murder.

Enter Bradſhaw.

Brad. Good Day, my Lord:
And to my worthy Friend, a kind Good-morrow.
[Ireton *bo*

Crom. Mr. Preſident, you are welcome,
Be brief, I pray, and tell my Son and me
The Iſſue of laſt Night's elaborate Toil:
What new Diſcovery you've made in Law,
To ſet a Gloſs upon this gloomy Buſ'neſs,
And ſatisfy the gaping, murmuring Multitude?

Brad. The King, himſelf, will furniſh us with that.
His evil Counſellors have bid him queſtion
By what Authority we hold our Court:
And, till that Interrogative is anſwer'd,

Oh, it is dreadful, even to think upon't:
But what are Thoughts to what the damn'd muſt feel?

Mrs. Crom. But that I hope will never be your Lot.

Crom. As vainly you may hope to change the Seaſons,
And make the Hawthorn flower in *December:*
I tell thee, once again, I'm damn'd, damn'd, damn'd!
And all the Saints in Heav'n cannot ſave me:
Ten thouſand helliſh Fiends, like ſwarming Bees,
Sit cluſter'd round, to ſting and to deſtroy me: [*Thunder.*
Do you hear that! My End is coming on;
Theſe Storms are Harbingers of Hell's Approach,
And my inevitable Diſſolution.
Oh, wou'd ſome Mountain, of enormous Size,
Now kindly yawn, and hug me in its Boſom!
Gladly I'd bear the maſſy Weight, to ſhun
The heavenly Vengeance, and its Priſon, Hell.

Enter Richard Cromwell *and* Whitelock.

R. Crom. Bleſs us, what frightful Weather 'tis abroad!
It rains, and blows, and hails, and thunders,
As if the Heavens were coming on our Heads,
To cruſh Mankind, in Vengeance of their Folly!
The Winds, with burſting Cheeks, oppoſing meet,
And rage in Hurricanes, without Control!
The Park is full of Trees, whoſe Trunks lie flat,
And ſhew a mangl'd Buſh at either End!
The Streets are full of Chimnies, Tiles and Signs,
And Mortals maim'd and murder'd by their Fall!
The Lead, from Churches torn, upheld by Air,
Keeps hovering, in its fall, like Sheets of Paper!
Sure ſuch a Night was never ſeen before!
Whatever it portends, Heav'n's Will be done:
But ſay, how does my Father? — Save him, Heav'n.

Whit. I'm ſorry, Sir, to hear your Highneſs is ſo ill:

Your mournful Council have deputed me
To bring the Compliments of their Concern;
And beg, for fear your Highneſs ſhou'd be worſe,
You'd name a worthy Succeſſor.—— [him with you:

Crom. My good Friend *Whitelock*, you have brought
Richard, my eldeſt Son, the Lot of Providence!
But what have I to do with *England's* Regency;
Who, now, am going off its worthleſs Stage?
Oh, had I formerly been rul'd by you,
And timely lopp'd the Limbs of my Ambition,
This wretched Trunk might ſtill have ſtood ſecure,
And dar'd the feeble Force of empty Blaſts.

Clay. O Sir, compoſe your Mind, and try to pray;
Ask Heav'n Forgiveneſs, and you'll ſure find Mercy:
Mercy, the darling Attribute above,
Was made to mollify the Edge of Juſtice,
And blunt the Rigour of its pointed Sword:
But whilſt you perſevere in this Deſpair,
You bar the Door againſt the Beams of Bleſſedneſs.

Crom. I cannot pray, nor even think on Mercy:
The great Deluder of my Hopes ſtands there, [*They all ſtart.*
And frowns tremendous at your Exhortation.

Clay. There! Where? I ſee nothing.

Mrs. Crom. Nor I.

Omnes. Nor I.

Crom. No! Surpriſing! See nothing! — Oh it's gone:
[*Turning.*
But lo it comes again.——
Look yonder, and behold its ugly Aſpect!
The grim Companion, that in frightful Form
Purſues my trembling Footſteps Night and Day,
And fills up all my Intervals of Thought!
Now, with fierce Looks, he beckons, and retires;
And I muſt follow him: I muſt, I muſt. [*Trembles.*

H. Crom. My Lord, you are ill, accept of our Support.
[*Holds* Cromwell.

Mrs. Crom. Hold him, my Son, he grows delirious.
Son *Richard!* [Richard *holds* Cromwell *by the other Arm.*

Whit. His Illneſs preys upon his Imagination,
And wild Vertigo traverſes his Brain,
And ſhapes ſtrange Images, by Force of Fancy!
His Safety much depends upon Reſtraint;
A conſtant Guard to keep him from Miſhaps,
Or running headlong on deſtructive Errors.

Crom. Unhand me—both of you! [*He breaks from 'em.*
My Senſes labour under no Diſtemper;
My Brains and Body are entirely ſound:
But, oh, my truſty Friend, with Grief I ſpeak it,
My Soul, a Monſter of infernal Origin,
Is rottener than the ſtaleſt Putrefaction,
And never, never can be healthy more.

Whit. The Ills of Life hang heavy on us all:
We feel Diſquietude a thouſand Ways:
We're born with Seeds of Sickneſs, and of Sorrow;
And all Infirmities ſpring up with Manhood:
Our Conſolation is, to bear with Patience;
And try to ſmooth thoſe Rubs we can't remove:
The Prince, and Peaſant, have a Lot alike;
But bear their Harms with different Deportment:
And ſuffering Heroes more diſplay their Virtue,
Than, actively, they can do, crown'd with Conqueſt:
This Fortune tries the Force of Fortitude.

Crom. Your Words are Muſick, to a Mind at eaſe;
But feel my Feeling, and conceive my Fears,
And you'll ſoon preach a new Philoſophy: [*Thunder.*
See there, [*Pointing.*
My fierce Deſtroyer comes again,
And ſhakes his ſable Treſſes at my Stay!

A little longer, and I'll meet my Fate.——
How much leſs wretched is the dying Criminal,
Whoſe Expectations paint him a Reprieve!
Backward he looks, to find the wiſh'd Expreſs,
And cheers at every ſpeedy Horſe he ſees:
The flattering Ken immerges his Concern,
Drives the dread Thought and pleaſes him a while,
With ſelf-deluding Hopes:—But I have none!——
Deſpair, Damnation, Tortures and Eternity,
Ingroſs my Reaſon, and pierce every Senſe.
Oh, where's the Fortitude I us'd to boaſt of,
When Deaths, like Hail-ſtones, flew around my Head:
The cool intrepid Courage I was prais'd for,
By fawning, lying, preaching Sycophants!
Farewel, my Wife, my Children, and my Friends.
My Fate is urgent, and admits no more. [*Thunder.*

Mrs. Crom. Oh, I will hold you, yes, for ever hold you!

[*Mrs.* Cromwell *and Mrs.* Claypole *hold the Protector.*

No ſublunary Power ſhall diſunite us.——
Secure, in virtuous Innocence, I'll dare
The Force of thoſe Infernals you're afraid of.

Crom. Oh, you will hurt yourſelves.——My Wife!
My Daughter!

Clay. Heaven will protect us, and defeat the Rage
Of *Beelzebub*, and all his fiery Band:
A virtuous Wife and Daughter, are your Guard,
Of no ſmall Pow'r againſt the Fiend below;
Nor little Intereſt, we hope, above.

Crom. O name not any Thing above, I pray;
You grate my Memory, and increaſe my Woe,
I wou'd not think upon the Lot I've loſt.

Clay. If you wou'd ſhun the bottomleſs Abyſs,
And pacify the Wrath of injur'd Heav'n,
Your Thoughts muſt be continually thereon.

Yet

Yet Thoughts alone, will never be ſufficient,——
A ſtedfaſt Truſt, Contrition, Faith, and Prayer,
May mitigate the Pains your Sins deſerve,
And gain the precious Favour of kind Heav'n.

Crom. Name it no more, you almoſt make me mad.
I can't repent, and have no hope in Heav'n;
I'm damn'd, and was ſo ere the World began:
And who can alter the Decrees of Fate?
I ſhou'd be willing, oh, extremely glad,
To ſuffer any temporary Penance,
If Pains or Penance cou'd excuſe my Guilt:
But, ſhou'd I pray, what Pow'r on high wou'd hear me?
What Words cou'd I aſſort to move th' Almighty?
Murder's a Blot of deepeſt blackeſt Dye,
That ſhocks Humanity, incenſes Heav'n,
And by the Evidence of Conſcience,
Dooms the foul Murderer to eternal Woe:
But what's the Murder of a ſingle Mortal,
To that of thouſands, ſacrific'd by me,
To pleaſe Ambition, Avarice and Hell!

Mrs. Crom. Begin to pray, and Heav'n, I hope, will hear you.

Crom. Urge it no more, I muſt not, cannot pray;
Nor ſcarcely dare to caſt my Eye-lids upwards:
Th' avenging Bolt, ſuſpended by a Hair,
With ſtrong Vibrations urges to be free,
To blaſt the impious, unrepenting Wretch,
Whoſe many Murders have conſum'd Mankind,
And made ſtrong Effort to forbid them Heav'n!
O hold me faſt, yet interpoſe a while;
Be Interceſſors for the Stay of Juſtice:
The Mean of Mercy, in reſpect to you,
May grant a ſhort-liv'd reſpite to Diſtreſs,
And cheer Affliction with the Beams of Grace.——
Oh! ho, the Executioner appears,

And

And, frowning horridly, demands my Soul,
O pray, pray for me, ere it is too late,
I'm tortur'd to Diſtraction with Deſpair,
Hopeleſs, and half in Hell, already.—Yet,——
O, I will ſay, in ſpite of all the Devils,——
Save me, ye bleſſed Pow'rs above! O ſave me,
Thou, whoſe Omnipotence no limit knows,
Extend thy Mercies to a Wretch in Hell!——
O, my ſick Soul!—it freezes—now it burns;——
And weary of the World, wou'd fain aſcend;
But Preſſures vaſt oppoſe its clouded Flight,
And ſink the ſinful Plummet to Perdition——
Away, thou Fiend,—thou primitive Deſtroyer,
That robb'd Mankind, in his delightful Spring,
Of Peace, and Paradiſe, and Immortality!——
Frown on, Seducer, for I fear thee not,
Theſe are my undefil'd Protectors: Theſe
My pure, unſpotted Guardian Angels.——
But, oh! he comes, he comes!—Save me, ſave me!
I beſeech you ſave me! Oh I am loſt!
Am loſt, for ever loſt! [*He dies.*] [*Women ſhriek.*]

Mrs. Crom. The Lard be merciful unto us all!

Omnes. Amen, Amen.

Whit. Thus reigns Ambition, for a while, on Earth,
And robs Mankind of what they claim by Birth:
Thus lives the Mortal, whoſe aſpiring Mind
Is reſtleſs to command all human Kind!
But ſee, what Cares and Agonies attend
His painful, buſy Life, and latter End.
His Pomp already is reduc'd to Duſt,
And ev'n the Brightneſs of his Name will ruſt:
By which this uſeful Leſſon we may know,
That all is Traſh we treaſure up below. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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